

Graduated Passages for Reproduction

By M. L. Banks, M.A.

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GRADUATED PASSAGES FOR REPRODUCTION

BY

M. L. BANKS, M.A.

ASSISTANT MASTER, ARMY SIDE, MALVERN COLLEGE

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PREFACE

THE following exercises for Reproduction are the outcome of experience gained in teaching English composition. So far as I know, there is no collection published of extracts specially adapted for this purpose, though 'Story' now holds an important place in many public examinations, its value as a means of mental training being everywhere recognized. Most of these extracts have been tested practically in form. Those in Part I, ranging from 200–400 words, are intended for boys working for Naval Cadetships and other elementary examinations. Those in Part II, ranging from 400–650 words, are of about the standard of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination (Leaving Certificate), for which, indeed, some of them were set. Part III will, I hope, be useful to candidates for the R. M. C. Sandhurst and the R. M. A. Woolwich entrance examinations.

But the more advanced exercises are also intended for another purpose. It is a difficulty, common, I believe, to teachers of this subject, that beyond a certain point progress is slow ; that, practically speaking, the twentieth story is not done much better than, say, the fifth. I have found that the best way to remedy this is to allow the pupil to study for himself a fairly long extract from some good author—e.g. Macaulay—for twenty minutes. He is then told to shut the book and reproduce the substance of the passage as well as he can. (Incidentally, a careful

study of good models is bound to improve a boy's style ; it may even stimulate him to a closer acquaintance with the author's works.) The reproductions are then collected and corrected ; it is a good plan, when dealing with a form, to collect all the stories and then to read out a few of the best, noting their points of merit.

I should like to thank my colleagues, at whose suggestion this collection was first of all put together, and to whose advice I am greatly indebted. In particular, my thanks are due to Mr. E. C. Bullock, on whose collection of stories I have freely drawn, and to Mr. J. N. Swann, who has made some valuable suggestions. Many firms of publishers have kindly allowed me to use copyright matter, among them Messrs. John Murray, Chatto & Windus, Blackie & Son, F. Warne & Co., G. Routledge, William Blackwood, and Longmans, Green & Co. To all these houses I offer my grateful thanks, and also to the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, for allowing several pieces actually set for examination to be included.

M. L. B.

MALVERN

February 1912

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PART I

I

A DOG AND A WOLF

THERE was a ragged carrion of a Wolf, and a jolly sort of a genteel Dog, with good flesh upon his back, that fell into company together upon the king's highway. The Wolf was wonderfully pleased with his companion, and was inquisitive to learn how he brought himself to that blessed state of body. 'Why,' says the Dog, 'I keep my master's house from thieves, and I have very good meat, drink, and lodging for my pains. Now, if you'll go along with me, and do as I do, you may fare as I fare.' The Wolf struck up the bargain, and so away they trotted together. But as they were jogging on, the Wolf spied a bare place about the Dog's neck, where the hair was worn off. 'Brother,' says he, 'how comes this, I prithee'? 'Oh, that's nothing,' says the Dog, 'but the fretting of my collar a little.' 'Nay,' says t'other, 'if there be a collar in the case, I know better things than to sell my liberty for a crust.'—ÆSOP.

II

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE MILLER

WHEN Frederick the Second of Prussia built the palace of Sans Souci there happened to be a mill which greatly limited him in the execution of his plan; and he desired to know how much the Miller would take for it. The Miller replied, that for a long service of years his family

10 FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE MILLER

had possessed the mill, which had passed from father to son, and that he would not sell it. The King used solicitations, offered to build him a mill in a better place, and to pay him besides any sum which he might demand ; but the obstinate Miller still persisted in his determination to preserve the inheritance of his ancestors. The King, irritated at his resistance, sent for him, and said in an angry tone, ‘Why do you refuse to sell your mill, notwithstanding all the advantages which I have offered you?’ The Miller repeated all his reasons. ‘Do you know,’ continued the King, ‘that I could take it without giving you a farthing?’ ‘Yes,’ replied the Miller, ‘if it were not for the chamber of justice at Berlin.’ The King was extremely flattered with this answer, which showed that he was incapable of an act of injustice. He dismissed the Miller without further entreaty, and changed the plan of his gardens.—PERCY ANECDOTES.

III

A BRAVE VOLUNTEER

A YOUNG Frenchman offered himself as a volunteer for Garibaldi’s army in Sicily, but was rejected because he was not tall enough. So he went away. But after the first battle he appeared before the General. ‘Here I am again,’ he said triumphantly. ‘You would not have me, but you could not prevent me from following you. I have been in the battle, and am wounded too.’ Garibaldi recognized him and asked where he was wounded. The youth showed him his wound ; it was between the shoulders. ‘Oh fie!’ said Garibaldi. ‘How did it happen that you were wounded there? No doubt you were running away. I knew you would not make a good soldier.’ Just at the close of the next battle the General

saw the poor little man crawling slowly towards him. 'I am wounded again, not in the back this time,' he cried, and, showing a deep wound in his breast, fell dead at Garibaldi's feet.—ANON.

IV

THE CARDINAL'S SUPPER

THE celebrated Cardinal Dubois was very hot tempered. Every evening he used to eat the wing of a chicken ; but on one occasion, just as supper was about to be served, a dog ran off with the chicken, and all the servants could do was to put another in the oven at once. Just then the Cardinal asked for his supper. The steward, however, seeing how furious his master would be if the truth were told, or if he were asked to wait beyond his usual hour, took a bold line and said coolly : 'Your Eminence has already supped.' 'What !' said the Cardinal. 'It is true,' continued the steward, 'that your Eminence ate little and appeared to be deep in thought ; but if it is your Eminence's wish another chicken shall be served up as soon as possible.'

At that moment the Cardinal's physician appeared on the scene. The servants told him what had happened and begged him not to betray them. 'Doctor,' said the Cardinal, they are trying to persuade me that I have already supped, though I have no recollection of having done so, and, what is more, I feel very hungry.' 'So much the better,' replied the Doctor ; 'eat again, but eat sparingly. Send in some more supper to my lord,' said he to the servants. The Cardinal regarded this order for a second supper as an evident sign of good health, especially as his physician always advocated abstinence, and was in the best temper possible.—*From the French.*

V

AN EAGLE AND A FOX

THERE was a bargain struck up betwixt an Eagle and a Fox to be wonderful good neighbours and friends. The one took up in a thicket of brushwood, and the other timbered upon a tree hard by. The Eagle one day, when the Fox was abroad a foraging, fell into his quarters and carried away a whole litter of cubs at a swoop. The Fox came back in time to see the Eagle upon the wing, with her prey in the foot, and to send many a heavy curse after her ; but there was no overtaking her. It happened in a very short time after this, upon the sacrificing of a goat, that the same Eagle made a swoop at a piece of flesh upon the altar, and she took it away to her young. But some live coals, it seems, that stuck to 't, set the nest on fire. The birds were not as yet fledged enough to shift for themselves, but upon sprawling and struggling to get clear of the flame, down they tumbled, half-roasted, into the very mouth of the Fox, that stood gaping under the tree to see the end on't : so that the Fox had the satisfaction at last of devouring the children of her enemy in the very sight of the dam.—ÆSOP.

VI

A WISE COUNSELLOR

A KING of Persia once made an invasion of a neighbouring country, and marched with his army for some days through a barren land, where they found neither corn nor cattle, and where the inhabitants had filled up all the wells as they fled before the invaders. One day a messenger from the enemy brought to the Persian king a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. He refused to give any

explanation of these gifts, and the king thought that his enemies intended to surrender to him. 'The mouse,' he said, 'lives on the earth, the bird in the air, and the frog in the water. This means that our foes intend to give up air, land, and water to us, and the arrows show that they are yielding their weapons as well.' But the wisest of his counsellors said, 'Nay, O king, the gifts mean that unless thou and thy soldiers can turn into birds and fly into the sky, or become mice and burrow in the ground, or frogs and live in marshes, you will never escape from this barren land, but will be slain here by the arrows of the enemy.' The king took his advice and retreated with the army into Persia.—ANON.

VII

A LESSON IN POLITENESS

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the Commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly ; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him amongst them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and

their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause ; and the old man cried out, ‘ The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it ! ’—*The Spectator*.

VIII

AN OLD MAN AND AN ASS

AN old man and a little boy were driving his ass before ‘em to the next market to sell. ‘ Why have you no more wit,’ says one, to the man upon the way, ‘ than you and your son to trudge it afoot, and let the ass go light ? ’ So the man set the boy upon the ass, and footed it himself. ‘ Why, sirrah,’ says another, after this, to the boy, ‘ you lazy rogue you, must you ride, and let your ancient father go afoot ? ’ The man, upon this, took down his boy, and got up himself. ‘ D’ye see,’ says a third, ‘ how the lazy old knave rides himself, and the poor little child has much ado to creep after him ? ’ The father, upon this, took up his son behind him. The next they met asked the old man whether his ass were his own or no ? He said, ‘ Yes.’ ‘ Troth, there ’s little sign on ’t,’ says t’other, ‘ by your loading him thus.’ ‘ Well,’ says the fellow to himself, ‘ What am I to do now ? ’ For I am laughed at, if either the ass be empty, or if one of us rides, or both ; ’ and so, in the conclusion, he bound the ass’s legs together with a cord, and they tried to carry him to market with a pole upon their shoulders betwixt them. This was sport to everybody that saw it, insomuch that the old fellow in great wrath threw down the ass into a river, and so went his way home again. The good man, in fine, was willing to please everybody, but had the ill-fortune to please nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.—L’ESTRANGE.

IX

CROMWELL OUTWITS CHARLES

CROMWELL had found out, by means of his spies, that Charles was about to send a letter to the queen, and that it would be sewed up in the flap of a saddle which would be brought at ten o'clock at night to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn, by a man who would saddle a horse and ride off to Dover. Upon this information, Cromwell and Ireton went on the appointed night to this inn, disguised as troopers. They left some person to keep watch at the stable, who was to tell them if any man came with a saddle: they themselves went into the house and sat drinking beer like common soldiers. At the specified hour they were told that the man was come. On receiving this notice they went out, and taking the saddle away from him, opened the lining and found the letter. They then returned the man his saddle, and he, not knowing of the letter, was ignorant of his loss, and pursued his journey to Dover. The purport of this letter was to tell the queen that Charles was courted both by the Presbyterians and the army, and that he rather thought he should close with the Presbyterians. And Cromwell, finding from this letter that the king was dealing insincerely with him, from that moment vowed his destruction.

—MRS. MARKHAM.

X

A MIRACULOUS CURE

DURING the war of American Independence, wrote Horace Walpole to a friend, a sailor reported that, having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had it dressed with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the

accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum ; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Royal Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum ; and how they should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense. But, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain honest simplicity of the sailor : in a postscript to his last letter he added these words : ‘ I forgot to tell your honours that the leg was a wooden one.’—WALPOLE.

XI

THE DEFENCE OF ST. ELMO

WITH the earliest streak of light the Turkish troops were in motion. Soon they came pouring in over the fosse, which, choked up as it was, offered no impediment. Some threw themselves on the breach. The knights and their followers were there to receive them. Others endeavoured to scale the ramparts, but were driven back by showers of missiles. The musketry was feeble, for ammunition had begun to fail. But everywhere the

assailants were met with the same unconquerable spirit as before. It seemed as if the defenders of St. Elmo, exhausted as they had been by their extraordinary sufferings, had renewed their strength, as by a miracle. Thrice the enemy returned to the assault ; and thrice he was repulsed. The carnage was terrible, Christian and Mussulman grappling fiercely together, until the ruins on which they fought were heaped with the bodies of the slain.

The combat had lasted several hours. Amazed at the resistance which he met with from this handful of warriors, Mustapha felt that, if he would stop the waste of life in his followers, he must defer the possession of the place for one day longer. Stunned as his enemies must be by the blow he had now dealt, it would be beyond the powers of nature for them to stand another assault. He accordingly again gave the signal for retreat ; and the victors again raised the shout—a feeble shout—of triumph ; while the banner of the order, floating from the ramparts, proclaimed that St. Elmo was still in the hands of the Christians. It was the last triumph of the garrison.—MOTLEY.

XII

HAMLET

THE death of Polonius gave the king a pretence for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous ; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet ; and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius's death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers,

by whom he dispatched letters to the English Court, which at that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring, for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night-time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his own name, he, in the stead of it, put in the names of those two courtiers who had the charge of him to be put to death ; then sealing up the letters he put them into their place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced, in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valour, with sword in hand singly boarded the enemy's vessel ; while his own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, and, leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.—C. LAMB.

XIII

SHENSTONE AND THE ROBBER

SHENSTONE was one day walking through his romantic retreat in company with a lady when a man rushed out of a thicket, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and the lady fainted. ‘Money,’ said the robber, ‘is not worth struggling for ; you cannot be poorer than I am.’ ‘Unhappy man !’ exclaimed Shenstone, throwing his purse to him, ‘take it, and fly as quick as possible.’ The man did so, threw his pistol in the water, and instantly disappeared. Shenstone ordered his footboy to follow the robber and observe where he went. In two hours the boy returned and informed his master that he followed him

to Halesowen, where he lived ; that he went to the door of his house, and, peeping through the keyhole, saw the man throw the purse on the ground and say to his wife, 'Take the dear-bought price of my honesty ;' then, taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, 'I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving ;' and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone, on hearing this, lost no time in inquiring into the man's character, and found that he was a labourer oppressed by want and a numerous family, but had the reputation of being honest and industrious. Shenstone went to his house ; the poor man fell at his feet and implored mercy. The poet took him home with him and provided him with employment.—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

XIV

THE FATE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ

MAJOR ANDRÉ was an officer in that division of the English army which was commanded by General Clinton. General Clinton was in secret treaty with General Arnold, the second in command in the American army, for betraying some important posts to the English. In this negotiation Major André was employed. He met Arnold on the banks of the Hudson River, and went with him to his quarters in the American camp. Unforeseen difficulties then preventing the major from returning by water, the way he had come, Arnold advised him to return by land, and persuaded him, much against his will, to exchange his regimentals for a suit of plain clothes, and to assume the name of John Anderson. In this disguise André got on very well till he came to a place called Tarrytown, where he fell in with some of General Washington's soldiers, who questioned him as to who and what he was. Being

a bad dissembler, his answers excited suspicion, and he was detained a prisoner. He had been very guarded in not saying anything that might betray Arnold ; but Arnold, as soon as he heard that a person named John Anderson had been seized, immediately concluded that the whole transaction was known, and fled without making any effort to rescue poor André from the unhappy situation into which he had fallen. Had he not put on a disguise, he would have been considered only as a prisoner of war, and have been detained till he could be exchanged ; but being found disguised and under a false name, he was looked upon as a spy and brought to trial before a court of American officers, by whom he was condemned. His execution by hanging took place on October 2, 1780.—
MRS. MARKHAM.

XV

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THE celebrated quarrel between Macedon and Persia, we are told, originated in Alexander's refusing to pay the tribute of golden eggs to which his father had agreed. ' The bird that laid the eggs has flown to the other world ' is reported to have been the answer of the Macedonian prince to the Persian envoy, who demanded the tribute. After this, the King of Persia sent another ambassador to the court of the Grecian monarch, whom he charged to deliver to him a bat, a ball, and a bag of very small seed. The bat and ball were meant to throw ridicule on Alexander's youth, being fit amusement for his age ; the bag of seed was intended as an emblem of the Persian army, being innumerable. Alexander took this bat and ball into his hand, and said, ' This is the emblem of my power with which I strike the ball of your monarch's dominion, and this fowl (he had ordered one to be brought) will soon

show you what a morsel your numerous army will prove to mine.' The grain was instantly eaten up; and Alexander gave a wild melon to the envoy, desiring him to tell his sovereign what he had heard and seen, and to give him that fruit, the taste of which would enable him to judge of the bitter fare which awaited him.—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

XVI

A BAILIFF'S JEST

A GENTLEMAN in a town in Hertfordshire, being much in debt, was obliged to keep house close. A bailiff who had been promised a great reward to take that gentleman, having made several attempts in vain to snap him, at last resolved upon one that he thought could not fail; so pretending himself in despair, he came by the gentleman's parlour window (which was next the street, and where he sat writing every day), and pulling out of his pocket a halter, made a noose, and seemed as if he intended to hang himself therewith. A grindstone was before the door; upon which he got up and fastened it, and then put his head in, concluding the gentleman would whip out, and so he would arrest him; but as luck would have it the grindstone, which stood firm as a rock for him to get up, tumbled down as soon as ever the halter was about his neck. The innocent, unwary gentleman seeing what passed, sailed out to cut the rope and save the man; but the bailiff's follower, lying in ambuscade, snapped the gentleman as soon as ever he peeped out, and carried him off, and let his master hang. When the gentleman told the bailiff's follower that his master would soon be dead if he did not cut him down—'Let him die,' said he, 'I have got my prize, and I shall have the reward and my master's place too.'—*Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century.*

XVII

THE TANNER AND THE BUTCHER'S DOG

As a country Tanner was running hastily through Eastcheap, having a long pike-staff on his shoulder, one of the Butcher's dogs caught him by the leg. The fellow got loose and ran his pike into the dog's throat and killed him. The Butcher, seeing that his dog was killed, took hold of the Tanner and carried him before the Deputy, who asked him what reason he had to kill the dog ? ' For mine own defence,' quoth the Tanner. ' Why,' quoth the Deputy, ' hast thou no other defence but present death ? ' ' Sir,' quoth the Tanner, ' London fashions are not like the country's, for here the stones are fast in the streets, and the dogs are loose, but in the country the dogs are fast tied, and the stones are loose to throw at them ; and what should a man do in this extremity, but to use his staff in his own defence ? ' ' Marry,' quoth the Deputy, ' if a man will needs use his staff, he might use his blunt end, and not the sharp pike.' ' True, Master Deputy,' quoth the Tanner, ' but you must consider, if the dog had used his blunt end, and run his tail at me, then had there good reason for me to do the like ; but I vow, Master Deputy, the dog came sharp at me, and fastened his teeth in my leg, and I again ran sharp at him and thrust my pike into his belly.' ' By my faith, a crafty knave,' quoth the Deputy, ' if you will both stand to my verdict, send for a quart of wine, be friends, and so you are both discharged.'—*Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century.*

XVIII

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF

ONCE upon a time, a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would

never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight ; but the Giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce as before ; but for all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye ; but the Giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the Giant and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now, but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him, but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers, but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion : ' My little hero, this is glorious sport ; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.' ' No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, ' no, I declare off ; for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'—GOLDSMITH.

XIX

CRUEL SPORT

NEAR the town of Bodmin there dwelt a miller who had actually been very busily concerned in the rebellion against Edward VI. Dreading the approach of the provost-marshal, he told a sturdy fellow, his servant, that he had occasion to go for some time from home, and that he wished him to take charge of his concerns till his return ; that some strangers would probably be inquiring after him about an intended purchase of the mill ; and, in case they should, that he (the servant) should pass for the miller, and say nothing of his being from home. The servant readily consenting to all this, the miller took his leave. Not long after, a party of strangers made their appearance, as expected, at the mill ; it was Provost-Marshall Kingston and his men. ‘Ho ! there,’ exclaimed Kingston, ‘miller, come forth.’ The servant stepped out, and inquired what was his pleasure ? ‘Are you the owner of this mill ?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘How long have you kept it ?’ ‘These three years’ (the time his master had kept it). ‘Aye, aye !’ exclaimed Kingston, ‘the very rogue we want.’ He then commanded his men to lay hold on the fellow, and hang him on the next tree. On hearing this, the astonished servant instantly called out that he was not the miller, but the miller’s man. ‘Nay, sir,’ said Kingston, ‘I must take you at your word. If thou beest the miller, thou art a busy knave ; if thou art not, thou art a false lying knave ; and, howsoever, thou canst never do thy master better service than to hang for him.’ All the poor fellow’s supplications were in vain ; he was instantly dispatched.—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

XX

A LION AND A MAN

AMONG other good counsels that an old experienced lion gave to his whelp, this was one, that he should never contend with a man : ' For,' says he, ' if ever you do, you'll be worsted.' The little lion gave his father the hearing, and kept the advice in his thought, but it never went near his heart. When he came to be grown up afterward, and in the flower of his strength and vigour, about and about he ranges, to look for a man to grapple with. In his ramble he chances to spy a yoke of oxen ; so up to 'em he goes presently : ' Hark ye, friends,' says he, ' Are you men ?' They told him no, but their master was a man. Upon leaving the oxen, he went to a horse that he saw bridled and tied to a tree, and asked him the same question. ' No,' says the horse, ' I am no man myself, but he that bridled and saddled me and tied me up here, he 's a man.' He goes, after this, to one that was cleaving of blocks. ' D'ye hear,' says the Lion, ' you seem to be a man.' ' And a man I am,' says the fellow.' ' That 's well,' quoth the Lion, ' and dare you fight with me ?' ' Yes,' says the Man, ' I dare fight with ye : why, I can tear all these blocks to pieces, ye see. Put your feet now into this gap, where you see an iron thing there, and try what you can do.' The Lion presently put his claws into the gaping of the wood, and with one lusty pluck made it give way, and out drops the wedge ; the wood immediately closing upon 't, and there was the Lion caught by the toes. The woodman presently, upon this, raises the country, and the Lion, finding what peril he was in, gave one hearty twitch and got his feet out of the trap, but left

his claws behind him. So away he goes back to his father, all lame and bloody, with this confession in his mouth : ‘ Alas, my dear father,’ says he, ‘ this had never been if I had followed your advice.’—ÆSOP.

XXI

A SEA FIGHT

ON the 18th of February, 1653, at daybreak, between Cape La Hogue and Portland Bill, the Dutch fleet came in sight ; and Blake himself, from his flagship the *Triumph*, was one of the first to perceive its advance. Seventy-five men-of-war, and two hundred and fifty merchantmen sailing under their escort, covered the sea far and wide. Blake at that moment was fortunately within call of his two vice-admirals, Penn and Lawson, though not of his whole fleet ; Monk, among others, was some miles astern with a division. Tromp perceived the temporary superiority of his forces, and, giving orders to his convoy to keep to windward, he resolved to begin the engagement at once. At that very moment Blake bore down upon him, and the *Triumph* sent a broadside into the *Brederode*. Tromp received the fire without returning it at first ; but as soon as the two vessels were within range of each other he poured his first tremendous broadside into the English flagship, then, suddenly tacking round, gave her a second, and, quickly reloading his batteries and passing under his enemy’s stern, he discharged into her a third broadside, which took terrible effect on the crew and tackling of the *Triumph*. On seeing the flagship surrounded with fire and wreck, Vice-Admiral Penn dashed gallantly in and attacked Tromp in his turn. The entire English squadron arrived successively, and a furious battle was engaged on all sides. It lasted all day long, with alternations of

success and defeat which hourly redoubled the ardour of the combatants, making each in turn hope that the victory would remain on his side. Next morning the battle was renewed and lasted until the evening, when both fleets were reduced to a state of exhaustion, and neither side could claim the victory.—GUIZOT.

XXII

VICTORY OF SIR RICHARD STRACHAN

ADMIRAL DUMANOIR, who had escaped from the disaster at Trafalgar, and crossed the Bay of Biscay in hopes of getting either into Rochefort or Brest Harbour, fell in, on the 2nd of November, with the frigates of Sir Richard Strachan's squadron, who immediately made signal that a strange fleet was in sight. The British admiral instantly gave chase, which was continued two days and nights, during which the light of the moon rendered the enemy visible, until at length, at noon on the 4th of November, the two squadrons were so near that Dumanoir was obliged to lie to and receive battle. The English fleet at first consisted of five ships of the line and four frigates; but during the chase one of the former was driven away by stress of weather, and in the action which followed four line-of-battle ships and four frigates alone were engaged. The French had four sail of the line only, and some of their guns were dismounted from the effects of the battle of Trafalgar. The battle began at noon by each of the British line-of-battle ships engaging one of the enemy, and lasted with great vigour for four hours, when it terminated in the capture of every one of the French ships, but not till they were almost totally dismasted, and had sustained a loss of seven hundred and thirty killed and wounded. Sir Richard Strachan brought his four

prizes into harbour, and the satisfaction of the English was increased by the circumstance that the British loss was only twenty-four killed and a hundred and eleven wounded.—ALISON.

XXIII

ADMISSIBILITY OF LYING

IN the time of the religious persecutions in Scotland, a clergyman, being hotly pursued by a party of Claverhouse's soldiers, took refuge in a mill. The miller hid him behind what is called the hopper. Scarcely was he concealed, when his pursuers were at the mill door. They demanded of the miller whether the 'psalm-singing hypocrite,' of whom they were in search, was not under his roof? 'No, he is not,' said the miller. 'Thou liest,' said one of the soldiers; and with that gave the poor man a blow on the head, which had almost knocked out his brains. The party proceeded to make a strict search about the mill, but to no purpose, for they happily overlooked the corner in which the clergyman lay concealed. On this they took their departure, and the clergyman, descending from his hiding-place, began with the miller in this strain: 'Oh, Robin, why did you tell a lie? You see you have got a broken head by it. It is true I have escaped, but——' Here he was interrupted by the noise of a number of horses' hoofs, and remounted instantly behind the hopper. It announced the return of the troopers, who had been informed that, notwithstanding their search, the object of it was still concealed in the mill. 'Well,' said they, 'is Mr. —— here now?' The miller, after hesitating a little, replied, 'Yes, yes; I shan't get my head broke again for saying he is not.' The troopers, believing that he only said so to save himself from another

beating, did not put themselves to the trouble of a second search, but went away abusing the miller most lustily, as a man who would swear anything.—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

XXIV

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

THE room was dimly lighted ; Marat was in his bath. A rough board placed across the bath was covered with papers, open letters, and half-written documents. He held in his right hand the pen, which the entrance of the stranger had suspended on the page. The sheet of paper was a letter to the Convention, demanding sentence of banishment to be pronounced upon the last Bourbons still tolerated in France. On one side of the bath was a heavy block of oak set upright, on which was an inkstand of the roughest workmanship. Marat sat, covered in his bath with a dirty ink-spotted sheet, and only his head, shoulders, chest, and right arm out of the water. There was nothing in the appearance of this man to touch the heart of a woman, and make her hesitate to strike the blow. Gray hair surrounded by a dirty handkerchief, a retiring forehead, bold eyes, large cheekbones, an enormous sneering mouth, a hairy chest, emaciated limbs, and a livid skin : such was Marat.

Charlotte avoided catching his eye, for fear of betraying the horror inspired by his appearance. Standing with her eyes cast down, and her hands hanging by the side of the bath, she waited for Marat to question her as to the situation in Normandy. She replied briefly. He asked her the names of the deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. ‘ That is well,’ said he, when he had finished writing, with the

accent of a man who is sure of vengeance. 'Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine.'

At these words, as if she had waited for another crime to urge her to the deed, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat. With the same movement Charlotte withdrew the bloody knife from the body of her victim, and let it fall at her feet.—LAMARTINE.

XXV

ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I

IN the morning, after a sharp debate with some of the French refugees, the duke left his dressing-room to proceed to his carriage. He had entered the hall, when Colonel Friar whispered in his ear. He turned to listen, and at the moment received a wound in the left breast from a knife, which was left sticking in his heart. Exclaiming the word 'villain', he plucked it out, staggered backwards a few steps, and, falling against a table, was caught in the arms of his attendants.

In the confusion which followed, it was with difficulty that the French gentlemen escaped the vengeance of those who suspected them of the murder. The real assassin slunk away to the kitchen, where he might have remained unnoticed in the crowd, had he not on a sudden alarm drawn his sword and exclaimed, 'I am the man.'

He said that his name was Felton; that he was a Protestant; that he had been a lieutenant in the army, but had retired from the service, because on two occasions junior officers had been advanced over his head, and the sum of eighty pounds, the arrears of his pay, had been withheld; and that the remonstrance of the House of

Commons had convinced him that to deprive Buckingham of life, as the cause of the national calamities, was to serve God, the king, and the country. When he was told that the duke still lived, he answered, with a sarcastic smile, that it could not be, the wound was mortal ; to those who reproached him with the guilt of murder, he replied, that ' in his soul and conscience he believed the remonstrance to be a sufficient warrant for his conduct ' ; and, being asked who were his instigators and accomplices, he exclaimed that the merit and the glory were exclusively his own. He had travelled seventy miles to do the deed, and by it he had saved his country. Otherwise he felt no enmity to the duke. Even as he struck he had prayed, ' May God have mercy on thy soul.'—LINGARD.

XXVI

THREE CLEVER QUESTIONS

A NOBLEMAN having a mind to be merry, sent for his chaplain, and told him that unless he could resolve him these three questions he should be discarded and turned out of his service ; but if he could, he should have thirty guineas and the best horse in his stable. So he proposed the questions to him, which were these ; *First, What compass the world was about ? Secondly, How deep the sea was ? And thirdly, What he thought ?* The poor chaplain was in a peck of troubles, and did not know how to answer them, or what to say, thinking them very unreasonable questions ; so that all he could do was to desire a little time to consider upon them, which the earl granted. So he, going along the fields one day very melancholy, a cobbler of the town, a merry fellow (who was very like the chaplain, both in physiognomy and stature), met him, and asked him the reason of his sadness,

which with some reluctance he told him. ‘Oh sir,’ says the cobbler, ‘don’t be dejected, cheer up; I’ve thought of a device to save your place, and get you the money and horse too; but you shall give me ten guineas for my pains.’ So he agreed to’t; and it was thus: Says he, ‘I’ll put on your clothes, and go to my lord, and answer his questions.’ Accordingly he went, and when he came before him, he answered him thus: To the first question, *What compass the world was about?* he answered, *It was four-and-twenty hours’ journey; and if a man could keep pace with the sun, he could easily go it in that time.* To the second, *How deep the sea was?* he answered, *Only a stone’s throw; for cast it into the deepest place of it, and in time it will come to the bottom.* To the third (which I fancy your lordship thinks the most difficult to be resolved, but is indeed the easiest), which is, *What your lordship thinks?* I answer, *That you think I am your chaplain, whenas indeed I am but the cobbler of Gloucester.* The nobleman was so pleased with his witty answers that he performed his promise to his chaplain, and gave the cobbler ten guineas for his ingenuity.—ANON.

XXVII

RETALIATION

A NOBLEMAN, resident at a castle in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought

proper on the fish, and it should instantly be paid him. 'One hundred lashes,' said the fisherman, 'on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain.' The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, 'Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, but the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence.' After fifty lashes had been administered, 'Hold, hold,' exclaimed the fisherman, 'I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share.' 'What, are there two such madcaps in the world!' exclaimed the nobleman: name him, and he shall be sent for instantly.' 'You need not go very far for him,' said the fisherman, 'you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in, until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot.' 'Oh, oh,' said the nobleman, 'bring him up instantly, he shall receive the stipulated moiety with the strictest justice.' This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.—ANON.

XXVIII

KNAVERY OUTWITTED

A WELL-KNOWN Hull shipowner was once taking a walk on the banks of the Humber when he saw three men coming towards him. They told him that they were distressed seamen, that their vessel, the *Elizabeth*, had been wrecked off the coast of Yorkshire, that they had vainly tried to find work, and had not eaten anything for two days. The shipowner knew enough about seamen to recognize at a glance that one of the men really was what

he represented himself to be, but he thought the other two looked like ordinary tramps, that they had met the sailor on the road by chance, and had invented the story in order to obtain money. He resolved to find out whether or not this was the case. So he told the seaman to stand where he was, sent one of the others twenty yards to the right, and the third man twenty yards to the left. They were very much puzzled and wondered what he was going to do. This, however, became plain very soon. He went up to the man on the right and said : ‘ I am very sorry to hear that the *Elizabeth* was wrecked. What was the captain’s name ? ’ ‘ Jones,’ said the man. Then the shipowner went to the man on the left. ‘ You must be in great distress now that your ship has been wrecked. By the way, what was the name of the captain ? ’ ‘ Brown, sir,’ answered the fellow. Finally, the same question was put to the sailor, who declared the ship was commanded by Captain Smith. Then the gentleman called the three men together and said : ‘ I am surprised to find that the *Elizabeth* had three captains, Jones, Brown, and Smith. Now, it is obvious that no vessel can be safe in the hands of more than one captain. You, being sailors, ought to have been aware of the fact, and yet you went to sea in a ship which had no less than three ! You have been wrecked, you say, and you richly deserved it. Good evening ! ’—ANON.

XXIX

FAILURE OF THE FIRST SIEGE OF LIMERICK IN THE
REIGN OF WILLIAM THE THIRD

ON the 27th of August, 1690, at three in the afternoon, the signal was given. Five hundred grenadiers rushed from the English trenches to the counterscarp, fired their pieces, and threw their grenades. The Irish fled into the

town, and were followed by the assailants, who, in the excitement of victory, did not wait for orders. Then began a terrible street fight. The Irish, as soon as they had recovered from their surprise, stood resolutely to their arms, and the English grenadiers, overwhelmed by numbers, were, with great loss, driven back to the counter-scarp. There the struggle was long and desperate. The very women of Limerick mingled in the combat, stood firmly under the hottest fire, and flung stones and broken bottles at the enemy. In the moment when the conflict was fiercest a mine exploded and hurled a fine German battalion into the air. During four hours the carnage and uproar continued. The thick cloud which rose from the breach streamed out on the wind for many miles, and disappeared behind the little hills of Clare. Late in the evening the besiegers retired slowly and sullenly to their camp. Their hope was that a second attack would be made on the morrow ; and the soldiers vowed to have the town or die. But the powder was now almost exhausted : the rain fell in torrents ; the gloomy masses of cloud which came up from the south-west threatened a havoc more terrible than that of the sword ; and there was reason to fear that the roads, which were already deep in mud, would soon be in such a state that no wheeled carriage could be dragged through them. The king determined to raise the siege, and to move his troops to a healthier region. He had in truth stayed long enough, for it was with great difficulty that his guns and wagons were tugged away by long teams of oxen.—MACAULAY.

XXX

PETER THE HERMIT

EARLY in the spring, from the confines of France and Lorraine, above 60,000 of the populace of both sexes flocked round Peter the Hermit, the first missionary of the crusade, and pressed him, with clamorous importunity, to lead them to the holy sepulchre.

The first party moved under the command of his lieutenant, Walter the Penniless, a valiant, though needy soldier. He was followed by Peter with 40,000 men, and their rear was pressed by an herd of 200,000, the most stupid and savage refuse of the people. In Bulgaria, which they had plundered, great numbers of them were cut to pieces ; but the Emperor Alexius, who respected the pilgrimage, conducted them by secure and easy journeys to Constantinople, and advised them to await the arrival of their brethren.

For a while they remembered their faults and losses, but no sooner were they revived by the hospitable entertainment than their venom was again inflamed ; they stung their benefactor, and neither gardens, nor palaces, nor churches were safe from their depredations. For his own safety, the Emperor allured them over to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus ; but their blind impetuosity soon urged them to desert the station which he had assigned, and to rush headlong against the Turks, who occupied the road to Jerusalem.

They separated in quest of prey, and themselves fell an easy prey to the arts of the Sultan. By a rumour that their foremost companions were rioting in the spoils of his capital, the Sultan tempted the main body to descend upon the plain of Nice ; they were overwhelmed by the Turkish arrows, and a pyramid of bones informed their

companions of the place of their defeat. Of the first crusaders, 300,000 had already perished before a single city was rescued from the infidels, before their graver and more noble brethren had completed the preparations of their enterprise.—GIBBON.

XXXI

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO

THE Christian fleet was arranged in three divisions. The Ottomans, not drawn up in crescent form, as usual, had the same triple disposition. Crucifix in hand, the high-admiral, Don John of Austria, rowed from ship to ship, exhorting generals and soldiers to show themselves worthy of a cause which he had persuaded himself was holy. He then ordered the trumpets to sound the assault, commanded his sailing-master to lay him alongside the Turkish admiral, where he became exposed to the fire of seven large vessels besides. It was a day when personal audacity, not skilful tactics, was demanded, and Don John showed the metal he was made of. The Turkish admiral's ship was destroyed, his head exposed from Don John's deck upon a pike, and the trophy became the signal for a general panic and a complete victory. By sunset the battle had been won.

Of nearly three hundred Turkish galleys but fifty made their escape. From twenty-five to thirty thousand Turks were slain, and perhaps ten thousand Christians. The galley-slaves on both sides fought well, and the only beneficial result of the victory was the liberation of several thousand Christian captives. Many causes contributed to this splendid triumph. The Turkish ships, inferior in number, were also worse manned than those of their adversaries, and their men were worse armed.

Every bullet of the Christians told on muslin and embroidered tunics, while the arrows of the Moslems fell harmless on the casques and corselets of their foes. The Turks, too, had committed the fatal error of fighting upon a lee shore. Having no sea room, and being repelled in their first onset, many galleys were driven upon the rocks, to be destroyed with all their crews.—MOTLEY.

XXXII

AN ADVENTURE OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

I ONCE had the misfortune to be made prisoner of war, and to be sold for a slave. My daily task was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bees had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away ; but, by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it ? I recollected that Turkey beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately ; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver ; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning : but, alas ! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean ; it was totally useless for my

descent : so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right I cut the long, now useless end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower : this repeated slicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke ; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height. I recovered, but knew not how to get out again : however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger-nails, and easily accomplished it.—RASPE.

XXXIII

THE DEATH OF BURLEY

A HASTY call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but, being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took effect when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself danger-

ously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tiger seizes his prey, and both, losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclenched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph.—SCOTT.

XXXIV

THE TWO ROGUES

THERE were once two men that were both masterless and moneyless, and one said to the other, 'What remedy canst thou now find out, that we may either get some meat or money?' 'By my troth,' quoth the other, 'I do know a very fine shift,' and being very early in the morning, they espied a man coming with hogs. 'Lo, yonder cometh a man with hogs, and I will tell him that they be sheep,

and I will cause him to lay a wager with me, whether they be sheep or hogs : and I will cause the matter to be judged by the next man that cometh, but then thou must go another way and meet with us ; when we demand of thee whether they be sheep or hogs, thou must say that they be sheep.' Then they separated themselves, the one from the other, and the one went to meet the man that had the swine, bidding him good morrow, the man doing the like to him again. Then he said to the old man, ' Father, where had you your fair sheep ? ' ' What sheep,' said the man. ' These sheep that you drive before you.' ' Why,' replied the old man, ' they are swine.' ' What,' asked the other, ' will you make me a fool ? think you I know not sheep from swine ? ' ' Marry,' said the old man, ' I will lay one of my swine against what thou wilt, that they be no sheep.' ' I hold thee my coat against one of thy sheep,' quoth the other. ' I am content,' replied the old man, ' by whom shall we be tried ? ' ' By the next man that meets us.' ' Content,' said the old man ; and then they perceived the man coming, being the fellow of the young man. And when he came to them the old man requested him to tell them what beasts those were ? ' Why,' quoth he, ' they be sheep, do you not know sheep ? ' ' I told him so,' said the other young man, ' but he would not believe me, so I laid my coat upon a wager that they were sheep, and he laid me one of his sheep against my coat that they were swine ; and I won it, have I not ? ' ' Yea,' said the old man, ' but God help me, I bought them for swine.' And then the young man took one of the fattest hogs he could find amongst them all, and carried him away, and his fellow went another way, as though he had not known him, and the poor man returned again to the place where he had bought them.—*Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century.*

PART II

XXXV

THE FATE OF A TRAITOR

WHILE Dr. Johnson, accompanied by his friend and biographer, James Boswell, was journeying in the western isles of Scotland, he passed at no great distance a shattered fortress. A learned minister who was travelling with them, said, ‘ Those are the walls of a place of refuge, built in the time of James the Sixth, by Hugh Macdonald, who was next heir to the dignity and fortune of his chief. Hugh, being so near his wish, was impatient of delay, and had heart and influence sufficient to engage several gentlemen in a plot against the laird’s life. Something must be stipulated on both sides ; for they would not dip their hands in blood merely for Hugh’s advancement. The compact was formally written, signed by the conspirators, and placed in the hands of one Macleod.

It happened that Macleod had sold some cattle to a drover, who, not having ready money, gave him a bond for payment. The debt was discharged, and the bond redemanded, which Macleod, who could not read, intending to put into his hands, gave him in mistake the conspiracy. The drover, when he had read the paper, delivered it privately to the laird, who, being thus informed of his danger, called his friends together and provided for his safety. He made a public feast, and, inviting Hugh Macdonald and his confederates, placed each of them at the table between two men of known fidelity. The compact of conspiracy was then shown, and every man confronted with his own name. The laird acted with great moderation. He upbraided Hugh both with disloyalty and ingratitude, but told the rest that he considered them as

men deluded and misinformed. Hugh was sworn to fidelity and dismissed with his companions ; but he was not generous enough to be reclaimed by lenity ; and finding no longer any countenance among the gentlemen, endeavoured to execute the same design by meaner hands. In this practice he was detected, taken to his chief's castle, and imprisoned in the dungeon. When he was hungry, they let down a plentiful meal of salted meat ; and when, after his repast, he called for drink, conveyed to him a covered cup, which, when he lifted the lid, he found empty. From that time they visited him no more, but left him to perish in solitude and darkness.'—JOHNSON.

XXXVI

AN ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

ON Sunday, the 13th of February, 1819, a Mr. Budlong, his wife, child, sister, and brother-in-law, were returning in a sleigh on the ice from a visit to a friend living near the Chippewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence River. They had experienced some difficulty in getting on to the ice from the shore, and Mr. B., having wetted his feet, seated himself in the sleigh for the purpose of taking off his stockings, giving up the reins to his brother, who, from inattention, or ignorance of the road, drove on to a place on the ice where there had recently been an air-hole, and which was not yet frozen sufficiently strong to bear ; the ice broke under them, and the sleigh upset and sunk, with the two women and child. Mr. B. sprung from the sleigh while sinking, exclaiming, ' We are all lost ! ' and fortunately reached the firm ice ; the young man who was driving was unable to swim, but struggled until he was reached and drawn out of the water by Mr. B., who retained his hold upon the solid ice. This was no sooner accomplished

than Mr. B., throwing off his coat and hat, declared that he would save the others or perish in the attempt ; and accordingly plunged into the water in search of those most dear to him. The first that he found was the child, which grasping he rose to the surface, and brought it within reach of his brother ; then drawing himself again on to the firm ice, he plunged again to the bottom, and finding his wife, rose a second time with her in his arms, but apparently lifeless, leaving her in the care of his brother, who was calling loud for assistance from the shore. After taking breath for a moment, he a third time plunged into the water in search of his sister, whom, after groping on the bottom he found ; but, in rising again to the surface, he struck his head against the ice. Sensible of the extreme peril of his situation, and that the current had carried him below the aperture, with a degree of presence of mind seldom equalled, straining every nerve, he redoubled his exertions, and was so fortunate as to reach the opening again, bringing with him the insensible and apparently lifeless body of his sister ; both were drawn from the water by the assistance of some persons who had arrived on the shore, alarmed by the cries of his brother. They were all carried to a neighbouring house, where the women and child were with some difficulty resuscitated. Upon measuring the depth of the water where the sleigh had broken through the ice it was found to be fourteen feet.—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

XXXVII

THE DEATH OF AGUILAR

AMIDST this dreadful confusion, the Count of Ureña succeeded in gaining a lower level of the sierra, where he halted and endeavoured to rally his panic-struck followers. His noble comrade, Aguilar, still maintained his position

on the heights above, refusing all entreaties of his followers to attempt a retreat. 'When,' said he, proudly, 'was the banner of Aguilar ever known to fly from the field?' His eldest son, the heir of his house and honours, a youth of great promise, fought at his side. He had received a severe wound on the head from a stone, and a javelin had pierced quite through his leg. With one knee resting on the ground, however, he still made a brave defence with his sword. The sight was too much for the father, and he implored him to suffer himself to be removed from the field. 'Let not the hopes of our house be crushed at a single blow,' said he; 'go, my son, live as becomes a Christian knight—live and cherish your desolate mother.' All his entreaties were fruitless, however, and the gallant boy refused to leave his father's side till he was forcibly borne away to the station occupied by the Count of Ureña.

Meantime the brave little band of cavaliers, who remained true to Aguilar, had fallen one after another; and the chief, left almost alone, retreated to a huge rock which rose in the midst of the plain, and, placing his back against it, still made fight, though weakened by loss of blood, like a lion at bay, against his enemies. In this situation he was pressed so hard by a Moor of uncommon size and strength that he was compelled to turn and close with him in single combat. The strife was long and desperate, till Aguilar, whose corselet had become unlaced in the previous struggle, having received a severe wound in the breast, followed by another on the head, grappled closely with his adversary, and they came rolling on the ground together. The Moor remained uppermost; but the spirit of the Spanish cavalier had not sunk with his strength, and he proudly exclaimed, as if to intimidate his enemy, 'I am Don Alonso de Aguilar;' to which the other rejoined, 'And I am the Feri de Ben Estepar,'

a well-known name of terror to the Christians. The sound of this detested name roused all the vengeance of the dying hero ; and, grasping his foe in mortal agony, he rallied his strength for a final blow ; but it was too late, his hand failed, and he was soon dispatched by the dagger of his more vigorous rival.—MOTLEY.

XXXVIII

LA HOGUE

TOURVILLE, the French Admiral, was within a few leagues of Barfleur when, before sunrise on the morning of the 19th of May, 1692, he saw the great armament of the allies, English and Dutch, stretching along the eastern horizon. He determined to bear down on them. By eight the two lines of battle were formed, but it was eleven before the firing began. It soon became plain that the English, from the admiral downwards, were resolved to do their duty. Russell had visited all his ships, and exhorted all his crews. ‘ If your commanders play false,’ he said, ‘ overboard with them, and with myself the first.’ There was no defection. There was no slackness. Carter was the first who broke the French line. He was struck by a splinter of one of his own yardarms, and fell dying on the deck. He would not let go his sword. ‘ Fight the ship,’ were his last words : ‘ fight the ship as long as she can swim.’ The battle lasted till four in the afternoon. The roar of the guns was distinctly heard more than twenty miles off by the army which was encamped on the coast of Normandy. During the earlier part of the day the wind was favourable to the French : they were opposed to only half of the allied fleet ; and against that half they maintained the conflict with their usual courage and with more than their usual seamanship.

After a hard and doubtful fight of five hours, Tourville thought that enough had been done to maintain the honour of the white flag, and began to draw off. By this time the wind had veered, and was with the allies. They were now able to avail themselves of their great superiority of force. They came on fast. The retreat of the French became a flight. Tourville fought his own ship desperately. She was named, in allusion to Lewis's favourite emblem, the *Royal Sun*, and was widely renowned as the finest vessel in the world. It was reported among the English sailors that she was adorned with an image of the Great King, and that he appeared there, as he appeared in the Place of Victories, with vanquished nations in chains beneath his feet. The gallant ship, surrounded by enemies, lay like a great fortress on the sea, scattering death on every side from her hundred and four portholes. She was so formidably manned that all attempts to board her failed. Long after sunset she got clear of her assailants, and, with all her scuppers spouting blood, made for the coast of Normandy. She had suffered so much that Tourville hastily removed his flag to a ship of ninety guns which was named the *Ambitious*. By this time his fleet was scattered far over the sea. About twenty of his smallest ships made their escape by a road which was too perilous for any courage but the courage of despair. In the double darkness of night and of a thick sea fog, they ran, with all their sails spread, through the boiling waves and treacherous rocks of the Race of Alderney, and, by a strange good fortune, arrived without a single disaster at Saint Maloes. The pursuers did not venture to follow the fugitives into that terrible strait, the place of innumerable shipwrecks.—MACAULAY.

XXXIX

THE CONVICT BUCKLEY

At the beginning of the last century some convicts who had been taken to Australia managed to escape. When, however, they had eaten all their small stock of provisions, hunger drove them to the sea-shore, where they managed to live for a time on shell-fish. Soon they grew tired of this diet, and concluding that to be fed and flogged was better than freedom with shell-fish, they all, with the exception of one named Buckley, decided to return to the settlement.

Buckley, a man of gigantic strength and size, went northwards, crossing rivers, and pushing his way through forests into an unknown country. For months he wandered, keeping himself alive with berries and whatever he could get, living the life of a wild beast, and ever in fear of falling into the hands of the natives. One day, while seeking a spot where he could lie down and rest, he saw a mound in which a spear was stuck upright. He drew out the spear, to serve him as a weapon, and, overcome with fatigue, lay down to sleep.

In the mound reposed the bones of a great native chief. The natives believed that their warriors were changed after death into white men. When, therefore, next morning Buckley was found, spear in hand, it was clear to every one that he was the chief, alive again and white. He was carried off in triumph to the natives' village, where a great feast was held in his honour. The women beat drums till they fainted, and the men cut themselves till they bled, so extreme was their delight in beholding their chief thus miraculously restored to life.

Buckley lived among these people thirty years, and had ample opportunities of observing their habits and customs.

They loved most to eat and drink, and their favourite food was human flesh. As this delicacy could only be obtained at the expense of another tribe, wars were frequent. It will easily be imagined that Buckley did not feel at ease in such society, and was glad when one day he heard of the approach of white men. He went to them, but they laughed at his wild looks and wild words, for he had forgotten his native tongue. Later others arrived ; they had pity and helped him to recover his speech, and took him back to civilization. His story excited great interest, he received a pardon and lived till a ripe old age.—ANON.

XL

A TERRIBLE DUEL

IN the reign of James I, when duelling rose to a fearful height, the following conflict occurred between the Duke of A. and Lord B., concerning a certain beautiful Countess of E. The duke challenged the lord, and, contrary to usage, gave him the choice of weapons, the challenger's privilege. They met the next morning—a cold, rainy, miserable morning ; time, five o'clock ; place, the first tree behind the lodge in Hyde Park. They stripped off their fine scarlet coats, trimmed with gold and silver lace—the duke excessively indignant that they should examine his vest, so as to be certain there was no unlawful protection underneath, but the lord, more accustomed to the formalities, submitting to the search coolly enough—and then they took their pistols, before taking to their swords, according to the fashion of the times. At the first fire the duke missed, but Lord B. hit his grace near the thumb ; at the second fire the duke hit the lord. They then drew their swords and rushed on each other. After the first or second thrust Lord B. entangled his foot in a tuft of grass,

and fell ; but, supporting himself with his sword-hand, he sprung back, and thus avoided a thrust made at his heart. The seconds then interfered, and attempted to bring about a reconciliation ; but the duke—who seems to have been the most fiery throughout — angrily ordered them back, threatening to stab the first who again interfered. After much good play and fine parrying they came to a ‘ close lock, which nothing but the key of the body could open ’. Thus they stood, unable to strike a blow, each afraid to give the other the smallest advantage, yet each struggling to free himself from his entanglement. At last, by one wrench stronger than the others, they tore themselves away ; and at the same time both their swords sprang out of their hands—Lord B.’s six or seven yards in the air. This accident, however, did not retard them long ; they seized their weapons again and fought on. The lord was then wounded in the sword-arm ; but, bearing back, and before the duke had quite recovered from his lunge, he ran him through the body. The blow left the lord unguarded ; and, with the sword through him, the duke cut and thrust at his antagonist, who had only his naked hand wherewith to guard himself. After his hand had been fearfully mangled with putting aside his enemy’s sword the lord was in his turn run through—one rib below the heart. Again the seconds interfered ; again without success ; when the lord, faint from loss of blood, fell backward, and, in falling, drew his sword out of the duke’s wound. Recovering himself a little before he was quite down, he faltered forward, and, falling with his thigh across his own sword, snapped it in the midst. The duke then took his own sword, broke it, and, sinking on the dead body of his antagonist, sighed deeply, turned once, and died, the cold, drizzling rain falling chill on the stiffening bodies and the dank grass.—ANON.

XLI

LOADING A RAFT

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight ; my next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea ; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft ; the first of these I filled with provisions, viz. bread, rice, three dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed ; there had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all ; as for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters, and in all about five or six gallons of rack ; these I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor no room for them. While I was doing this I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away ; as for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as, first, tools to work with on shore, and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable

than a shiploading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms ; there were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin and two pistols ; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them, but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water ; those two I got to my raft, with the arms, and now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, or rudder, and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements, (1) a smooth calm sea, (2) the tide rising and setting in to the shore ; (3) what little wind there was blew me towards the land ; and thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe, and a hammer ; and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.—DEFOE.

XLII

THE BRAHMIN AND THE KNAVES

A PIOUS Brahmin made a vow that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and on the appointed morning he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighbourhood

three rogues, who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it. The first met him and said, 'Oh, Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice.' 'It is for that very purpose,' said the holy man, 'that I came forth this day.' Then the impostor opened a bag and brought out an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereupon the Brahmin cried out, 'Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue, callest thou that cur a sheep?' 'Truly,' answered the other, 'it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. O Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods.' 'Friend,' said the Brahmin, 'either thou or I must be blind.'

Just then one of the accomplices came up. 'Praised be the gods,' said this second rogue, 'that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?' When the Brahmin heard this, his mind waved to and fro, like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. 'Sir,' said he to the new-comer, 'take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur.' 'O Brahmin,' said the new-comer, 'thou art drunk or mad!'

At this time the third confederate drew near. 'Let us ask this man,' said the Brahmin, 'what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say.' To this the others agreed; and the Brahmin called out, 'O stranger, what dost thou call this beast?' 'Surely, O Brahmin,' said the knave, 'it is a fine sheep.' Then the Brahmin said, 'Surely the gods have taken away my senses;' and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee, and offered it up to the gods, who, being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.—MACAULAY.

XLIII

THE CATO STREET CONSPIRACY

EARLY in the year 1820—a period of popular discontent—a set of desperate men banded themselves together with a view to effect a revolution by sanguinary means, almost as complete in its plan of extermination as the Gunpowder Plot. The leader was one Arthur Thistlewood, who had been a soldier, had been involved in a trial for sedition, but acquitted, and had afterwards suffered a year's imprisonment for sending a challenge to the minister, Lord Sidmouth. Thistlewood was joined by several other Radicals, and their meetings in Gray's Inn Lane were known to the spies Oliver and Edwards, employed by the Government. Their first design was to assassinate the ministers, each in his own house; but their plot was changed, and Thistlewood and his fellow-conspirators arranged to meet at Cato Street, Edgware Road, and to proceed from thence to butcher the ministers assembled at a Cabinet dinner on February 23, at Lord Harrowby's, where Thistlewood proposed, as 'a rare haul to murder them altogether'. Some of the conspirators were to watch Lord Harrowby's house, one was to call and deliver a dispatch-box at the door, the others were then to rush in and murder the ministers as they sat at dinner; and as special trophies, to bring away with them the heads of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh in two bags provided for the purpose! They were then to fire the cavalry barracks; and the Bank and Tower were to be taken by the people, who, it was hoped, would rise upon the spread of the news.

This plot was, however, revealed to the ministers by Edwards, who had joined the conspirators as a spy. Still, no notice was apparently taken. The preparations

for dinner went on at Lord Harrowby's till eight o'clock in the evening, but the guests did not arrive. The Archbishop of York, who lived next door, happened to give a dinner party at the same hour, and the arrival of the carriages deceived those of the conspirators who were on the watch in the street, till it was too late to give warning to their comrades who had assembled at Cato Street in a loft over a stable, accessible only by a ladder. Here, while the traitors were arming themselves by the light of one or two candles, a party of Bow Street officers entered the stable, when the first of them who mounted the ladder and attempted to seize Thistlewood was run by him through the body, and instantly fell; whilst, the lights being extinguished, a few shots were exchanged in the darkness and confusion, and Thistlewood and several of his companions escaped through a window at the back of the premises; nine were taken that evening with their arms and ammunition, and the intelligence conveyed to the ministers, who, having dined at home, met at Lord Liverpool's to await the result of what the Bow Street officers had done. A reward of £1,000 was immediately offered for the apprehension of Thistlewood, and he was captured before eight o'clock next morning while in bed at a friend's house. The conspirators were sent to the Tower, and were the last persons imprisoned in that fortress. Thistlewood was condemned to death after three days' trial, and he and his four principal accomplices, who had been severally tried and convicted, were hanged at the Old Bailey, and their heads cut off. The remaining six pleaded guilty; one was pardoned, and five were transported for life.—ANON.

XLIV

THE REIGN OF TERROR

DURING the Reign of Terror in France a party of the revolutionary myrmidons went to the house of a gentleman in Marseilles, whose name was on the proscribed list, in order to apprehend him. They found the wife, who said that her husband was not at home ; he had been absent for several days, and she did not know where he was gone. The party, however, insisted on searching the house ; which they did without finding their intended victim. They then quitted it and went to make some other visits with which they were charged. One of the party returned very soon, and finding the house door open went in. He looked about, and saw no one ; and then hastening upstairs to a room on the first floor, he knocked at the panel of a wainscot, and said, ‘ Open quickly ! ’ The panel was accordingly opened, and at the same instant a double-barrelled pistol was discharged from within. Happily it did no injury to the person on the outside. The master of the house, who had been concealed within the panel, came forth from his hiding-place. ‘ How ! ’ cried the visitor, ‘ I came to save you, and you would kill me.’ Then, addressing himself to the wife, whom the report of the pistol had brought to the spot, ‘ Hear me, madam,’ said he, ‘ I have only associated myself with those men who were recently here that I may save my fellow citizens as much as lies in my power. As we were searching your house I observed a strong emotion in your countenance, and a tremor in all your frame as we passed this spot ; and I had no doubt, therefore, that your husband was concealed within. This occasioned my speedy return, to warn you that your good man is not in safety so long as he remains in this

house, or even in the town. It is not doubted but that he is here ; and you will never cease to be troubled with like visits till he is found. I will, however, engage to procure you the means of escape,' added he, turning to the gentleman, ' provided you dare confide in me.' This was not a situation in which to hesitate about accepting such an offer ; and with tears and thanks it was embraced both by the husband and wife. It was now dusk, and the benevolent visitor said he would return in about half an hour, and take the gentleman with him to his own house, where he might remain in perfect security till means could be found for his escape. This was accordingly done ; and three nights after he was consigned to a Genoese vessel which carried him in safety out of the republic.—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

XLV

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS

AT ten the Court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless stillness. Sir Samuel Astry spoke. ' Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty ? ' Sir Roger Langley answered, ' Not guilty.' As the words were uttered, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack ; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another ; and

so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, brake forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear all along the great roads intelligence of the victory of our Church and nation. . . . The acquitted prelates took refuge in the nearest chapel from the crowd which implored their blessing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the city and liberties were ringing. The jury meanwhile could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds. ‘God bless you!’ cried the people; ‘God prosper your families! you have done like honest good-natured gentlemen; you have saved us all to-day.’ As the noblemen who had attended to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the king, the bishops, and the jury. . . . The king had that morning visited the camp on Hounslow Heath, . . . and was in Lord Feversham’s tent when the express arrived. He was greatly disturbed, and exclaimed in French, ‘So much the worse for them.’ He soon set out for London. While he was present, respect prevented the soldiers from giving a loose to their feelings, but he had scarcely quitted the camp when he heard a great shouting behind him. He was surprised, and asked what that uproar meant. ‘Nothing,’

was the answer, 'the soldiers are glad that the bishops are acquitted.' 'Do you call that nothing?' said James. And then he repeated, 'So much the worse for them.' . . . That joyful day was followed by a not less joyful evening. . . . Never within the memory of the oldest, not even on that night on which it was known through London that the army of Scotland had declared for a free Parliament, had the streets been in such a glare of bonfires. Round every bonfire crowds were drinking good health to the bishops and confusion to the Papists. The windows were lighted with rows of candles. Each row consisted of seven, and the taper in the centre, which was taller than the rest, represented the Primate. The noise of rockets, squibs, and firearms was incessant. One huge pile of faggots blazed right in front of the great gate of Whitehall.—MACAULAY.

XLVI

THE LOST CAMEL

A DERVISE was journeying along in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. 'You have lost a camel,' said he to the merchants. 'Indeed we have,' they replied. 'Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?' said the dervise. 'He was,' replied the merchants. 'Had he lost a front tooth?' said the dervise. 'He had,' rejoined the merchants. 'And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?' 'Most certainly he was,' they replied, 'and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him.' 'My friends,' said the dervise, 'I have never seen your camel, nor heard of him, but from you.' 'A pretty story, truly!' said the merchants, 'but where are the

jewels which formed a part of his cargo ?' 'I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels,' repeated the dervise. On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the judge, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the Court : 'I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions ; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route ; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path ; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand ; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other.'—ANON.

XLVII

THE MUTINY OF THE SCOTTISH TROOPS IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES AGAINST KING WILLIAM IN 1689

MEANWHILE the mutineers were hastening across the country which lies between Cambridge and the Wash. Their road lay through a vast and desolate fen, saturated with all the moisture of thirteen counties, and overhung

during the greater part of the year by a low grey mist, high above which rose, visible many miles, the magnificent tower of Ely. In that dreary region, covered by vast flights of wild fowl, a half-savage population, known by the name of the Breedlings, then led an amphibious life, sometimes wading, and sometimes rowing, from one islet of firm ground to another. The roads were among the worst in the island, and, as soon as rumour announced the approach of the rebels, were studiously made worse by the country people. Bridges were broken down. Trees were laid across the highways to obstruct the progress of the cannon; nevertheless the Scotch veterans not only pushed forward with great speed, but succeeded in carrying their artillery with them. They entered Lincolnshire, and were not far from Sleaford, when they learned that Ginkell, with an irresistible force, was close on their track. Victory and escape were equally out of the question. The bravest warriors could not contend against fourfold odds. The most active infantry could not outrun horsemen. Yet the leaders, probably despairing of pardon, urged the men to try the chance of battle. In that region, a spot almost surrounded by swamps and pools was without difficulty found. Here the insurgents were drawn up, and the cannon was planted at the only point which was thought not to be sufficiently protected by natural defences. Ginkell ordered the attack to be made at a place which was out of the range of the guns, and his dragoons dashed gallantly into the water, though it was so deep that their horses were forced to swim. Then the mutineers lost heart. They beat a parley, surrendered at discretion, and were brought up to London under a strong guard. Their lives were forfeit; for they had been guilty, not merely of mutiny, which was then not a legal crime, but of levying war against the king. William, however, with

politic clemency, abstained from shedding the blood even of the most culpable. A few of the ringleaders were brought to trial at the next Bury assizes, and were convicted of high treason, but their lives were spared. The rest were merely ordered to return to their duty. The regiment, lately so refractory, went submissively to the Continent, and there, through many hard campaigns, distinguished itself by fidelity, by discipline, and by valour.—MACAULAY.

XLVIII

THE TWO PHYSICIANS

Two physicians once lived in a city, who were admirably skilled in medicine, insomuch that all the sick who took their prescriptions were healed ; and it thence became a question with the inhabitants, which of them was the best. After a while a dispute arose between them upon this point.

Said one, ‘ My friend, why should discord or envy or anger separate us ; let us make the trial, and whoever is inferior in skill shall serve the other.’

‘ But how,’ replied his friend, ‘ is this to be brought about ? ’

The first physician answered : ‘ Hear me. I will pluck out your eyes without doing you the smallest injury, and lay them before you on the table ; and when you desire it I will replace them as perfect and serviceable as they were before. If, in like manner, you can perform this, we will then be esteemed equal, and walk as brethren through the world. But, remember, he who fails in the attempt shall become the servant of the other.’

‘ I am well pleased,’ returned his fellow, ‘ to do as you say.’ Whereupon he who made the proposition took out his instruments and extracted the eyes, besmearing the

sockets and the outer part of the lids with a certain rich ointment.

‘My dear friend,’ said he, ‘what do you perceive?’

‘Of a surety,’ cried the other, ‘I see nothing. I want the use of my eyes, but I feel no pain from their loss. I pray you, however, restore them to their places as you promised.’

‘Willingly,’ said his friend. He again touched the inner and outer parts of the lids with the ointment, and then, with much precision, inserted the balls into their sockets. ‘How do you see now?’ asked he.

‘Excellently,’ returned the other, ‘nor do I feel the least pain.’

‘Well, then,’ continued the first, ‘it now remains for you to treat me in a similar manner.’

‘I am ready,’ he said. And accordingly taking the instruments, as the first had done, he smeared the upper and under parts of the eye with a peculiar ointment, drew out the eyes and placed them upon the table. The patient felt no pain, but added, ‘I wish you would hasten to restore them.’ The operator cheerfully complied; but as he prepared his implements, a crow entered by an open window, and seeing the eyes upon the table, snatched one of them up, and flew away with it. The physician, vexed at what had happened, said to himself, ‘If I do not restore the eye to my companion I must become his slave.’ At that moment a goat, browsing at no great distance, attracted his observation. Instantly he ran to it, drew out one of his eyes, and put it into the place of the lost one.

‘My dear friend,’ exclaimed the operator, ‘how do things appear to you?’

‘Neither in extracting nor in replacing,’ he answered, ‘did I suffer the least pain; but—bless me!—one eye looks up to the trees!’

‘Ah!’ replied the first, ‘this is the very perfection of

medicine. Neither of us is superior, henceforward we will be friends, as we are equals ; and banish far off that spirit of contention which has destroyed our peace.' The goat-eyed man of physic acquiesced ; they lived from this time in the greatest amity.—*Gesta Romanorum*.

XLIX

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

THE next morning, being the 24th of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English, as they advanced, saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, ' They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness.' ' Yes,' said a celebrated English baron, ' but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field.'

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas Day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory ; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well-mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground, which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into

these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder ; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther, 'It is not my custom,' he said, 'to fly.' With that, he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of 'Argentine ! Argentine !' he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.—SCOTT.

L

ROBINSON CRUSOE VISITS THE WRECK

IT was a dismal sight to look at : the ship, which by its building was Spanish, stuck fast, jammed in between two rocks ; all the stern and quarter of her were beaten to pieces with the sea ; and as her forecastle, which stuck in the rocks, had run on with great violence, her mainmast

and foremast were brought by the board, that is to say, broken short off ; but her bowsprit was sound, and the head and bow appeared firm. When I came close to her a dog appeared upon her, who, seeing me coming, yelped and cried ; and as soon as I called him, jumped into the sea, to come to me, and I took him into the boat, but found him almost dead for hunger and thirst : I gave him a cake of my bread, and he ate it like a ravenous wolf that had been starving a fortnight in the snow. I then gave the poor creature some fresh water, with which, if I would have let him, he would have burst himself.

After this I went on board ; but the first sight I met with was two men drowned in the cook room, or forecastle of the ship, with their arms fast about one and another. I concluded, as is indeed probable, that when the ship struck, it being in a storm, the sea broke so high and so continually over her, that the men were not able to bear it, and were strangled with the constant rushing in of the water, as much as if they had been under water. Besides the dog, there was nothing left in the ship that had life, nor any goods, that I could see, but were spoiled by the water. There were some casks of liquor, whether wine or brandy I knew not, which lay lower in the hold, and which, the water being ebbd out, I could see ; but they were too big to meddle with. I saw several chests, which I believed belonged to some of the seamen, and I got two of them into the boat, without examining what was in them.

Had the stern of the ship been fixed, and the forepart broken off, I am persuaded I might have made a good voyage ; for by what I found in these two chests I had room to suppose the ship had a great deal of wealth on board ; and if I may guess by the course she steered, she must have been bound from Buenos Ayres, or the Rio de la Plata, in the south part of America, beyond the

Brazils, to the Havanna, in the Gulf of Mexico, and so perhaps to Spain. She had, no doubt, a great treasure in her, but of no use, at that time, to anybody ; and what became of the rest of her people I then knew not.

I found, besides these chests, a little cask full of liquor, of about twenty gallons, which I got into my boat with much difficulty ; there were several muskets in a cabin, and a great powder-horn, with about four pounds in it ; as for the muskets I had no occasion for them, so I left them, but took the powder-horn. I took a fire-shovel and tongs, which I wanted extremely ; as also two little brass kettles, a copper pot to make chocolate, and a gridiron ; and with this cargo, and the dog, I came away, the tide beginning to make home again ; and the same evening, about an hour within night, I reached the island again, weary and fatigued to the last degree.—DEFOE.

LI

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR

THE night was wild and wet, and just before daybreak a thick fog arose, which caused the attack to begin a little later than Cromwell had intended. At the outset the English had the worst of it ; their advanced guard of cavalry were vigorously received and repulsed by the Scottish artillery and lancers ; the first regiment of English infantry restored the action, but did not decide it ; and the fight continued hotly for some time, amid cries of ‘ The Lord of Hosts ! ’ from the English, and ‘ The Covenant ! ’ from the Scots. At about seven o’clock Cromwell’s own regiment of foot charged suddenly, and broke the Scottish lines. At this moment the fog dispersed, the sun shone brightly over hill and ocean. ‘ Now, let God arise,’ exclaimed Cromwell, ‘ and his enemies

shall be scattered !' His words gave fresh courage to his men, and were repeated by all who stood near him. 'He was a strong man,' says one of his contemporaries ; 'in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all the others.' Enthusiasm is as contagious as discouragement ; the English charged with redoubled vigour ; the Scottish cavalry gave way ; a body of infantry, which made a bold resistance, was broken through and scattered by the English squadrons ; the cry arose, 'They run ! they run !' Disorder spread rapidly through the Scottish army, which took to flight in every direction. 'After the first repulse,' writes Cromwell, 'they were made as stubble to our swords.' At nine o'clock the battle was over ; three thousand Scots had been slain ; more than ten thousand prisoners, with all their artillery and baggage, and two hundred standards, were in the hands of the English. 'I believe I may speak it without partiality,' wrote Cromwell, on the following day to the Parliament, 'both your chief commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, acted with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this war. I know they look not to be named, and therefore I forbear particulars.'

Two days afterwards, on the 5th of September, Cromwell resumed the offensive, and within four days he was master of Leith, of the whole country around Edinburgh, and of Edinburgh itself, with the exception of the castle, which was occupied by a strong garrison. Charles II and the whole Scottish Government retired northwards, to Perth ; Lesley, with the wreck of his army, westwards, to Stirling. The republican Parliament had attained its object : Scotland was invaded, and had fully enough to do to defend her own territory.—GUIZOT.

LII

KING OLAF'S GOOD SENSE

KING OLAF was by no means an unmerciful man—much the reverse where he saw good cause. There was a wicked old King Rurik, for example, one of five kinglets, whom, with their bits of armaments, Olaf by stratagem had surrounded one night, and at once bagged and subjected when morning rose, all of them consenting ; all of them except this Rurik, whom Olaf, as the readiest course, took home with him, blinded, and kept in his own house, finding there was no alternative but that or death to the obstinate old dog, who was a kind of distant cousin withal, and could not conscientiously be killed. Stone-blind old Rurik was not always in murderous humour. Indeed for most part he wore a placid conciliatory aspect, and said shrewd amusing things ; but had thrice over tried, with amazing cunning of contrivance, though stone-blind, to thrust a dagger into Olaf, and the last time had all but succeeded. So that, as Olaf still refused to have him killed, it had become a problem what was to be done with him. Olaf's good humour, as well as his quiet ready sense and practicality, are manifested in his final settlement of the Rurik problem.

Besides blind Rurik he had in his household one Thorarin, an Icelander ; a remarkably ugly person, but a far-travelled, shrewdly observant, loyal-minded, and good-humoured person, whom Olaf liked to talk withal : remarkably ugly, especially in his hands and feet, which were large and ill-shaped to a degree. One morning Thorarin, who, with other trusted ones, slept in Olaf's apartment, was lazily dozing and yawning, and had stretched one of his feet out of the bed before the king awoke. The foot was still there when Olaf opened his

bright eyes, which instantly lighted on this foot. 'Well, here is a foot,' says Olaf gaily, 'which one seldom sees the match of: I durst venture there is not another so ugly in this city.' 'Hah, king!' said Thorarin, 'there are few things one cannot match if one seek long and take pains. I would bet, with thy permission, king, to find an uglier.' 'Done!' cried Olaf. Upon which Thorarin stretched out the other foot. 'A still uglier,' cried he, 'for it has lost the little toe.' 'Ho, ho!' said Olaf, 'but it is I who have gained the bet. The less of an ugly thing the less ugly, not the more.' Loyal Thorarin respectfully submitted. 'What is to be my penalty, then? The king it is that must decide.' 'Take me that wicked old Rurik to Greenland.'

Which the Iclander did; took him to some safe hand there, in whose house, or in some still quieter neighbouring lodging, at his own choice, old Rurik spent the last three years of his life in a perfect quiescent manner.—CARLYLE.

LIII

WISE DISOBEDIENCE

THE Duke of Montfort, in his hatred of the Constable de Clisson, did not hesitate at treachery. Having received an invitation from Clisson to dine with him at Vannes, he excused himself on account of his rheumatism, but promised to come in at dessert. Having done so, he proposed that the party should adjourn to visit his new castle. Several of them, including Laval, Beaumanoir, and the Constable himself, accepted the invitation. On their arrival the Duke complained of fatigue, and suggested that Laval and the others should stay with him, while the Constable, whose opinion he said he wished to have on the fortifications, inspected the keep. When Clisson

arrived at the first flight he was seized by a party of soldiers, who closed the doors, threw him into irons, and dragged him down to the vaults. Meanwhile the wild and guilty air of the Duke alarmed Laval, and hearing the bang of the heavy door, he insisted on knowing what was the matter. Beaumanoir also came hurrying up, and demanded what had become of the Constable.

‘Beaumanoir,’ said the Duke, ‘do you wish to be as your master is?’

‘Yes, my lord.’

‘Then away with you,’ said the Duke, ‘you shall fare neither better, nor worse than he.’ And he caused Beaumanoir to be dragged away to the same dungeon, and ironed like Clisson.

Laval and the others retired in burning indignation. The Duke presently sent for a confidential knight, Bazvalen, and bade him that very night tie Clisson up in a sack and throw him into the river. Bazvalen remonstrated, but in vain. Just as he went sadly away, Laval came with a message from the barons, offering a high ransom for Clisson’s release. The Duke made no decisive answer, but sent Laval away with the words ‘Night brings counsel’. As the night went on, he began to realize his error. His servants heard him weeping through the early morning, and as soon as the castle was astir he called for Bazvalen. With a shadow of hope he asked if his orders had been fulfilled.

‘Yes, my lord,’ said Bazvalen. ‘As soon as the first stroke of twelve, my men put the Lord Constable in a sack, held him down in the water, and then lest the body should be found, I had it buried in the garden.’

Montfort broke out into loud lamentations. ‘Why did I not listen to you?’ he cried. ‘Oh were I but the poorest gentleman in my duchy, and in safety.’ He spent

the day weeping and praying, and refused to admit Laval, who besieged the doors. In the evening, when Bazvalen thought his master had undergone a sufficient lesson, he desired to be readmitted to his presence, and informed him that there was a remedy for his trouble.

‘No remedy for death,’ sighed the unhappy murderer.

‘My lord,’ said Bazvalen, ‘the man whose death you mourn is alive and well, eating and drinking heartily, and in great haste to be elsewhere.’

The Duke fell into transports of joy, and rewarded Bazvalen for his wise disobedience with 10,000 golden crowns.—ANON.

LIV

ROBERT BRUCE

BRUCE caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert’s men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the blood-hound which was tracing the king’s steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men ; but then he reflected that it might only be some shepherd’s dog. ‘My men,’ he said, ‘are sorely tried : I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter.’ So he stood and listened : and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he

began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armour, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the riverside. Then the king thought, ' If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition ; and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them.' So he looked again at the steep path and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand until his men came to assist him. His armour was so good and strong that he had no fear of arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to awaken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile the noise and trampling of the horses increased ; and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure, guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down by the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed only by one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honour would be lost for ever if they did not force their way ; and encouraged each other with loud cries to plunge through and assault him. But by this time the king's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.—SCOTT.

LV

ESCAPE OF THE DUKE OF YORK

KING CHARLES, whilst he was still at Hampton Court, had directed the Duke of York, who was of years to be trusted with the secret, that when a fit opportunity should be offered, he should make his escape into the parts beyond the seas, and follow the directions of his mother ; and about this time, when much change was expected, his majesty found some way to advertise the duke that it would be a very proper season for him to make his escape. The person who was entrusted to contrive it was Colonel Bamfield, a man of an active and insinuating nature, and dexterous enough in bringing anything to pass that he had the managing of himself. He had now no relation to the king's service ; and though he had served the king in the late war as a colonel of foot, he had not behaved himself so well in it as to draw any suspicion upon himself from the other party, and was in truth much more conversant with the Presbyterian party than with the king's. So that his repair often to the place, where the Duke of York and the other children were, drew nothing of suspicion upon him.

The duke and his brother and sister were then kept at St. James's, where they had the liberty of the garden and

park to walk and exercise themselves in, and lords and ladies, and other persons of condition, were not restrained from resorting thither to visit them. In this manner Bamfield had been sometimes there ; and after he had informed the duke what he was to do, and found one or two more to be trusted between them, that he might not become suspected by being observed to speak too often with him, he provided a small vessel to be ready about the custom-house, and to have its pass to Holland, and then advertised the duke to be ready in the close of an evening, when playing, as he used to do, with the other children, in a room from whence there was a pair of stairs to the garden, he might unnoticed get thither ; from whence there was a door into the park where Bamfield would meet him. And this was so well adjusted that the duke came at the hour to the place where the other met him, and led him presently where a coach was ready, and so carried him into a private house ; where he only stayed whilst he put on woman's apparel that was provided for him ; and presently, with Colonel Bamfield only, went into a pair of oars that was ready ; and so passed the bridge, and went on board the vessel that was ready to receive him ; which immediately hoisted sail, and arrived safe in Holland, without any man of the ship having the least imagination what freight they carried. The duke, as soon as he was on shore, and in a lodging, resolving no longer to use his woman's habit, stayed there till he advertised his sister, the Princess Royal of Orange, of his arrival ; who quickly took care to provide all such things as were necessary for his remove to the Hague ; from whence the queen was informed, and so knew as soon almost where he was as she did of his escape from London.

—CLARENDON.

LVI

MAN OVERBOARD

ON the morning of the 10th of November, 1835, I found myself off the coast of Galicia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance. I was bound for Lisbon ; we passed Cape Finisterre, and, standing farther out to sea, speedily lost sight of land. On the morning of the 11th the sea was very rough, and a remarkable circumstance occurred. I was on the forecastle, discoursing with two of the sailors : one of them, who had but just left his hammock, said, ‘ I have had a strange dream, which I do not much like, for,’ continued he, pointing up to the mast, ‘ I dreamt that I fell into the sea from the cross-trees.’ He was heard to say this by several of the crew besides myself. A moment after, the captain of the vessel, perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in, whereupon this man with several others instantly ran aloft ; the yard was in the act of being hauled down, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and a man was struck down from the cross-trees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a short time he emerged ; I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognized in the unfortunate man the sailor who a few moments before had related his dream. I shall never forget the look of agony he cast whilst the steamer hurried past him. The alarm was given, and everything was in confusion ; it was two minutes at least before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern ; I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was struggling gallantly with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not at hand, and only two oars could

be procured, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within ten yards of the man, who still struggled for his life, when I lost sight of him, and the men on their return said that they saw him below the water, at glimpses, sinking deeper and deeper, his arms stretched out and his body apparently stiff, but that they found it impossible to save him ; presently after, the sea, as if satisfied with the prey which it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor fellow who perished in this singular manner was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother ; he was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. This event occurred on the 11th of November, 1835 ; the vessel was the *London Merchant* steamship. Truly wonderful are the ways of Providence !
—BORROW.

LVII

THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR

THE rebel army returned to Bridgewater : Feversham, in command of the royal army, with about two thousand regulars and a smaller body of militia, reached Somerton. On the Sunday morning he left that town, and, quartering his cavalry in the village of Weston, ordered the infantry to encamp in front of two hamlets on the extensive swamp of Sedgemoor. Monmouth saw that his projected escape into Wales had been anticipated : some one suggested an attack upon the royal army in the dead of night. It was indeed a dangerous expedient to be attempted with a mass of undisciplined followers ; but, considering the distances at which the divisions of the enemy lay from each other, it offered a chance of success, and after some deliberation

was adopted. Late in the evening Monmouth led his men in silence out of Bridgewater, and took a very circuitous route to avoid the patrols on the accustomed road. Soon after midnight he reached the edge of the moor, which, fortunately for his purpose, was covered with a dense fog. His guides led him faithfully to the causeways across two broad and deep trenches which intersected the moor. There still remained a third to be passed, but by this time the alarm had been given, and every preparation had been made to receive the assailants. The duke ordered the Lord Grey to charge into the camp at the head of the cavalry. Will the reader believe, as was afterwards pretended, that the guide had concealed from them the existence of the third trench and causeway? Yet Grey carefully avoided the causeway, and rode along the margin of the trench as if he were in search of a ford; but a volley of musketry from the opposite bank threw his men into confusion; they turned, fled, and after a skirmish in the dark with their own infantry, entirely dispersed. Another body of three squadrons, under Colonel Jones, had followed the first. They made a gallant attempt to force the passage of the ditch, but were repulsed, and formed again at a distance. Monmouth, as soon as the action began, ordered the foot to advance with the utmost expedition: they halted at the distance of eighty paces from the enemy, and continued to fire for a considerable time, though they were answered only by the royal artillery. In the meanwhile Feversham had brought the cavalry from Weston, and posted them on the right flank of the enemy. The moment it became light he ordered the infantry to cross the ditch; the cavalry charged at the same time; the insurgents, after a short resistance with scythes and the butt-ends of their muskets, were broken; and the moor was covered with

scattered parties of runaways and pursuers in every direction. The victors lost three hundred men in killed and wounded : of the vanquished five hundred fell on the field, and thrice that number were made prisoners.—LINGARD.

LVIII

THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

WHEN Sunday, the 4th of November, dawned, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight were full in view of the Dutch armament. That day was the anniversary both of William's birth and of his marriage. Sail was slackened during part of the morning, and divine service was performed on board of the ships. In the afternoon and through the night the fleet held on its course. Torbay was the place where the Prince intended to land. But the morning of Monday, the 5th of November, was hazy. The pilot of the *Brill* could not discern the sea marks, and carried the fleet too far to the west. The danger was great. To return in face of the wind was impossible. Plymouth was the next port. But at Plymouth a garrison had been posted under the command of Lord Bath. The landing might be opposed ; and a check might produce serious consequences. There could be little doubt, moreover, that by this time the royal fleet had got out of the Thames and was hastening full sail down the Channel. . . . Russell saw the whole extent of the peril, and exclaimed to Burnet, ' You may go to prayers, doctor. All is over.' At that moment the wind changed ; a soft breeze sprang up from the south ; the mist dispersed ; the sun shone forth ; and, under the mild light of an autumnal noon, the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe into the harbour of Torbay.

The peasantry of the coast of Devonshire remembered

the name of Monmouth with affection, and held Popery in detestation. They therefore crowded down to the seaside with provisions and offers of service. The disembarkation instantly commenced. Sixty boats conveyed the troops to the coast. Mackay was sent on shore first with the British regiments. The prince soon followed. He landed where the quay of Brixham now stands. The whole aspect of the place has been altered. Where we now see a port crowded with shipping, and a market-place swarming with buyers and sellers, the waves then broke on a desolate beach ; but a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of veneration in the centre of that busy wharf.

During the first day the troops who had gone on shore had many discomforts to endure. The earth was soaked with rain. The baggage was still on board of the ships ; officers of high rank were compelled to sleep in wet clothes on the wet ground. The prince himself had no better quarters than a hut afforded. His banner was displayed on the thatched roof, and some bedding brought from his ship was spread for him on the floor. There was some difficulty about landing the horses ; and it seemed probable that this operation would occupy several days. But on the following morning the prospect cleared ; the wind was gentle ; the water in the bay was as even as glass. Some fishermen pointed out a place where the ships could be brought within sixty feet of the beach. This was done, and in three hours many hundreds of horses swam safely to shore.—MACAULAY.

LIX

THE FLIGHT OF ZENOBIA

THE siege of Palmyra was pressed with vigour by Aurelian, but the defence was equally obstinate. At length the city began to suffer from famine; the death of Sapor, which happened about this time, deprived Zenobia of the help which she had expected from the Persian monarch; and, seeing herself cut off from all hope of succour, she resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the foot of the emperor. Her capital soon afterwards surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity.

When the Syrian queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian, he sternly asked her how she had presumed to rise in arms against the Emperors of Rome? The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness. 'Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign.' But the courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamours of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends.

It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included among the numerous and perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the queen who betrayed or the tyrant who condemned him.

Genius and learning were incapable of turning a fierce unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint, he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress, and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends.

Returning from the conquest of the East, Aurelian had already crossed the straits which divide Europe from Asia, when he was provoked by the intelligence that the Palmyrenians had massacred the governor and garrison which he had left among them, and again erected the standard of revolt. Without a moment's deliberation, he once more turned his face towards Syria. The helpless city of Palmyra felt the irresistible weight of his resentment. Its inhabitants were butchered without distinction of age or sex ; and the seat of commerce, of arts, and of Zenobia, gradually sank into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length a miserable village. The present citizens of Palmyra, consisting of thirty or forty families, have erected their mud cottages within the spacious court of a magnificent temple.—GIBBON.

LX

FIRE AT SEA

THE screw steamship *Sarah Sands*, 1,330 registered tons, was chartered by the East India Company in the autumn of 1857, for the conveyance of troops to India. She was commanded by John Squire Castle. She took out a part of the 54th Regiment, upwards of 350 persons, besides the wives and children of some of the men, and the families of some of the officers. All went well till the 11th November, when the ship was upwards of 400 miles from the Mauritius.

Between three and four p.m. on that day a very strong smell of fire was perceived arising from the after-deck, and upon going below into the hold, Captain Castle found it to be on fire, and immense volumes of smoke arising from it. Endeavours were made to reach the seat of the fire, but in vain; the smoke and the heat were too much for the men. There was, however, no confusion. Every order was obeyed with the same coolness and courage with which it was given. The engine was immediately stopped. All sail was taken in, and the ship brought to the wind, so as to drive the smoke and fire, which was in the after-part of the ship, astern. Others were, at the same time, getting fire-hoses fitted and passed to the scene of the fire. The fire, however, continued to increase, and attention was directed to the ammunition contained in the powder magazines, which were situated one on each side of the ship, immediately above the fire. The starboard magazine was soon cleared. By this time the whole of the after-part of the ship was so much enveloped in smoke that it was scarcely possible to stand, and great fears were entertained on account of the port magazine. Volunteers were called for, and came immediately, and, under the guidance of Lieutenant Hughes, attempted to clear the port magazine, which they succeeded in doing, with the exception, as was supposed, of one or two barrels. It was most dangerous work. The men became overpowered with the smoke and heat, and fell; and several, whilst thus engaged, were dragged up by ropes, senseless.

The flames soon burst up through the deck, and running rapidly along the various cabins, set the greater part on fire.

In the meantime Captain Castle took steps for lowering the boats. There was a heavy gale at the time, but they were launched without the least accident. The soldiers were mustered on deck;—there was no rush to the boats;

—and the men obeyed the word of command as if on parade. The men were informed that Captain Castle did not despair of saving the ship, but that they must be prepared to leave her if necessary. The women and children were lowered into the port lifeboat.

Captain Castle then commenced constructing rafts of spare spars. In a short time, three were put together, which would have been capable of saving a great number of those on board. Two were launched overboard, and safely moored alongside, and then a third was left across the deck forward, ready to be launched.

In the meantime the fire had made great progress. The whole of the cabins were one body of fire, the flames burst through the upper deck, and shortly afterwards the mizen rigging caught fire. By this time the ship was one body of flame, from the stern to the main rigging. Providentially, the iron bulkhead in the after-part of the ship withstood the action of the flames, and here all efforts were concentrated to keep it cool.

About midnight it appeared that some impression was made ; and after that, the men drove it back, inch by inch, until daylight, when they had completely got it under.

In the course of the day all hands were employed baling and pumping. The boats rejoined the ship which bore for the Mauritius where she arrived on Monday, November 23rd.—THACKERAY.

LXI

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION

WHILE Wat Tyler and the main body of the rebels were busy in one part of London, another body had broken into the Tower, had murdered Simon Sidbury, the primate and chancellor, with Sir Robert Hales, the

treasurer, and some other persons of distinction ; and continued their ravages in the city. The king, passing along Smithfield, very slenderly guarded, met with Wat Tyler, at the head of these rioters, and entered into a conference with him. Tyler, having ordered his companions to retire, till he should give them a signal, after which they were to murder all the company except the king himself, whom they were to detain prisoner, feared not to come in the midst of the royal retinue. He there behaved himself in such a manner, that Walworth, the Mayor of London, not able to bear his insolence, drew his sword, and struck him so violent a blow as to bring him to the ground, where he was instantly dispatched by others of the king's attendants. The mutineers, seeing their leader fall, prepared themselves for revenge ; and the whole company, with the king himself, had undoubtedly perished on the spot, had it not been for an extraordinary presence of mind which Richard discovered on the occasion. He ordered his company to stop ; he advanced alone towards the enraged multitude, and, accosting them with an affable and intrepid countenance, he asked them, ' What is the meaning of this disorder, my good people ? Are ye angry that you have lost your leader ? I am your king : I will be your leader.' The populace, overawed by his presence, implicitly followed him. He led them into the fields to prevent any disorder which might have arisen from their continuing in the city. Being there joined by Sir Robert Knolles, and a body of well-armed veteran soldiers, who had been secretly drawn together, he strictly prohibited that officer from falling on the rioters, and committing an undistinguished slaughter upon them ; and he peaceably dismissed them with the same charters which had been granted to their fellows. Soon after, the nobility and gentry, hearing of

the king's danger, in which they were all involved, flocked to London with their adherents and retainers, and Richard took the field at the head of an army 40,000 strong. It then behoved all the rebels to submit. The charters of enfranchisement and pardon were revoked by Parliament; the people were reduced to the same slavish condition as before, and several of the ringleaders were severely punished for the late disorders. Some were even executed without process or form of law. It was pretended that the intentions of the mutineers had been to seize the king's person, to carry him through England at their head, to murder all the nobility, gentry, and lawyers, and even all the bishops and priests, except the mendicant friars; to dispatch afterwards the king himself; and having thus reduced all to a level, to order the kingdom at their pleasure. It is not impossible but many of them, in the delirium of their first success, might have formed such projects; but of all the evils incident to human society, the insurrections of the populace, when not raised and supported by persons of higher quality, are the least to be dreaded.—HUME.

LXII

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE

WE saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently a *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast

which told us that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French artillery on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and the Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses ‘gather way’, nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart; the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the Redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the

fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. ‘God help them ! they are lost !’ was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and toward the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy’s squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.—RUSSELL.

LXIII

THE PIED PIPER

MANY centuries ago the German town of Hameln, in the kingdom of Hanover, was terribly plagued by rats. They were so numerous and fierce that nothing could be done. Even the dogs and cats were afraid of them, and it seemed as though they would end by eating up everything and reducing the population to beggary. One day a curiously-dressed stranger appeared before the mayor and the Town Council, who were vainly trying to devise some plan to get rid of the plague of rats. The stranger was a piper. He was very tall and thin, with piercing eyes and a long sharp nose. He was clothed in a motley dress of red and yellow, and altogether had such an unusual

appearance that half of the townspeople had followed him to the Town Hall to see what his business was. When he came in, the mayor asked him rather sharply what he wanted. He replied that he had heard of the plight in which the people of Hameln were, and that he would undertake, for a thousand florins, to free the place from rats. The mayor and the Town Council were delighted to hear this, and told the stranger that, if he really accomplished what he promised, they would willingly give him ten times what he had asked. The stranger replied by a low bow, and marched out of the Town Hall with his pipe to his lips. At the first note that he sounded the rats came rushing out of their holes and followed him. As he walked down the High Street, their number increased to such an extent, that soon a whole army of hundreds of thousands of them were marching behind the piper, keeping step like soldiers. He walked on, still playing one soft tune, until he reached the banks of the river Weser. There he stopped, but the rats marched on into the water until the whole host had perished in the river. The piper then returned to the Town Hall for his fee ; but the mayor and the councillors, seeing themselves delivered from the rats, were disinclined to hand over so large a sum to a poor wandering piper. The mayor told him that they were much obliged to him, but that the talk about ten thousand florins had of course been a joke. Still they would willingly give him a few shillings to help him on his way. The piper then assumed a threatening manner, and said that, if the mayor did not fulfil his promise, he would show them that he could pipe to another tune. The mayor only laughed at him and told him to be off. The piper left the Town Hall for a second time and put his pipe to his lips. This time it was a tune of a different character. The mayor and the town councillors, and all the citizens of Hameln,

who had applauded the shabby treatment of the piper, found themselves looking on quite helpless while all the little children of the town fell into step behind the piper, just as the rats had done. But instead of leading them to the river, he walked out and crossed the meadows towards a great hill called the Kopellberg. When he reached it a chasm opened in the side of the hill, and the piper, followed by the children, entered. Immediately the chasm closed up again, and the fathers and mothers, who had followed the procession, but were powerless to speak or act, were left outside to reflect on the good old proverb that honesty is the best policy. What became of the piper and the children no one knows.—ANON.

LXIV

AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE

THE greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and doors of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and convenience. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other ; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat, and then I saw this frolicsome animal, frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I

wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted my place to avoid him, he at length caught hold of the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country cloth, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe ; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it, whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted ; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar ; the servants ran for ladders ; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the Court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat, whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing ; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey

down ; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge-tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, three hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves ; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.—SWIFT.

LXV

THE FATE OF HERETICS IN SPAIN UNDER THE INQUISITION

AT six in the morning all the bells in the capital began to toll, and a solemn procession was seen to move from the dismal fortress of the Inquisition. In the van marched a body of troops, to secure a free passage for the procession. Then came the condemned, each attended by two familiars of the Holy Office, and those who were to suffer at the stake by two friars in addition, exhorting the heretic to abjure his errors. Those admitted to penitence wore a sable dress ; while the unfortunate martyr was enveloped in a loose sack of yellow cloth—the ‘*san benito*’—with his head surmounted by a cap of conical form, which, together with the cloak, was embroidered with figures of flames and of devils fanning and feeding them ; all emblematical of the destiny of the heretic's soul in the world to come, as well as of his body in the present. Then came the magistrates of the city, the judges of the courts, the ecclesiastical orders, and the

nobles of the land, on horseback. These were followed by the members of the dread tribunal, and the fiscal, bearing a standard of crimson damask, on one side of which were displayed the arms of the Inquisition, and on the other the insignia of its founders, Sixtus the Fifth and Ferdinand the Catholic. Next came a numerous train of familiars, well mounted, among whom were many of the gentry of the province, proud to act as the body-guard of the Holy Office. The rear was brought up by an immense concourse of the common people, stimulated on the present occasion, no doubt, by the loyal desire to see their new sovereign, as well as by the ambition to share in the triumphs of the 'auto de fé'. The number thus drawn together from the capital and the country, far exceeding what was usual on such occasions, is estimated by one present at full two hundred thousand.

As the multitude defiled into the square, the inquisitors took their place on the seats prepared for their reception. The condemned were conducted to the scaffold, and the royal station was occupied by Philip, with the different members of his household. . . .

The ceremonies began with a sermon by the Bishop of Zamora, and when the bishop had concluded, the grand inquisitor administered an oath to the assembled multitude, who on their knees solemnly swore to defend the Inquisition, to maintain the purity of the faith, and to inform against any one who should swerve from it. . . .

After this, the secretary of the tribunal read aloud an instrument reciting the grounds for the conviction of the prisoners, and the respective sentences pronounced against them. Those who were to be admitted to penitence, each, as his sentence was proclaimed, knelt down, and, with his hands on the missal, solemnly abjured his errors, and was absolved by the grand inquisitor. The

absolution, however, was not so entire as to relieve the offender from the penalty of his transgressions in this world. Some were doomed to perpetual imprisonment in the cells of the Inquisition, others to lighter penances. All were doomed to the confiscation of their property—a point of too great moment to the welfare of the tribunal ever to be omitted. Besides this, in many cases the offender, and, by a glaring perversion of justice, his immediate descendants, were rendered for ever ineligible to public office of any kind, and their names branded with perpetual infamy. Thus, blighted in fortune and in character, they were said, in the soft language of the Inquisition, to be ‘reconciled’.—PRESCOTT.

LXVI

THE CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

Now the Scots had conquered again all the fortresses that were holden by the Englishmen, except the city of Berwick and three other castles, the which did them great trouble. They were so strong that it would have been hard to have found any such in any country: the one was Stirling, another Roxburgh, and the third the chief of all Scotland, Edinburgh, the which castle standeth on a high rock, that a man must rest once or twice before he come to the highest of the hill.

So it was that Sir William Douglas devised a feat, and discovered his intention to his companions, to the Earl Patrick, to Sir Simon Fraser, and to Alexander Ramsay; and they all agreed together. Then they took a two hundred of the wild Scots, and entered into the sea, and made provision of oats, meal, coals and wood; and so peaceably they arrived at a port near to the castle of Edinburgh.

And in the night they armed them, and took a ten or

twelve of their company, such as they did trust best, and did disguise them in poor torn coats and hats, like poor men of the country, and charged a twelve small horses with sacks, some with oats, some with wheatmeal, and some with coals ; and they did set all their company in an ambush in an old destroyed abbey thereby, near to the foot of the hill. And when the day began to appear, covertly armed as they were, they went up the hill with their merchandise.

And when they were in the mid way, Sir William Douglas and Sir Simon Fraser, disguised as they were, went a little before and came to the porter and said, ‘ Sir, in great fear we have brought hither oats and wheatmeal ; and if ye have any need thereof, we will sell it to you good cheap.’

‘ Marry,’ said the porter, ‘ and we have need thereof ; but it is so early that I dare not awake the captain nor his steward. But let them come in, and I shall open the outer gate.’ And so they all entered into the gate of the baily : Sir William saw well how the porter had the keys in his hands of the great gate of the castle.

Then when the first gate was opened, as ye have heard, their horses with loads entered in ; and the two that came last, laden with coals, they made their burdens to fall down on the ground-sill of the gate, to the intent that the gate should not be closed again. And then they took the porter and slew him so peaceably that he never spake word.

Then they took the great keys and opened the castle gate : then Sir William Douglas blew a horn, and they cast away their torn coats and laid all the other sacks overthwart the gate, to the intent that it should not be shut again. And when they of the ambush heard the horn, in all haste they might they mounted the hill.

Then the watchman of the castle with noise of the horn

awoke, and saw how the people were coming all armed to the castle-ward. Then he blew his horn and cried, 'Treason ! Treason ! Sirs, arise and arm you shortly, for yonder be men of arms approaching to your fortress.'

Then every man arose and armed them and came to the gate ; but Sir William Douglas and his twelve companions defended so the gate, that they could not close it : and so by great valiantness they kept the entry open, till their ambush came.

They within defended the castle as well as they might, and hurt divers of them without ; but Sir William and the Scots did so much, that they conquered the fortress, and all the Englishmen within were slain, except the captain and six other squires.—FROISSART.

LXVII

THE INCA CAPTURED

MEANWHILE the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards ; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them ; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the affray at once by taking the Inca's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, ' Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca ; ' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial borla was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even

the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who, in the heat of triumph, showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.—PRESCOTT.

LXVIII

BALSEIRO THE ROBBER

BALSEIRO, the famous robber, was confined in an upper story of the prison at Madrid, in a strong room, with several other malefactors. I visited this worthy and conversed with him for some time through the wicket of the dungeon. Shortly after my own liberation he, in company with some other convicts, broke through the roof of the prison and escaped. He instantly resumed his former habits, committing several daring robberies, both within and without the walls of Madrid. At last, dissatisfied with the proceeds of street robbery and housebreaking, he determined upon a bold stroke, by which he hoped to acquire money sufficient to support him in some foreign land in luxury and splendour.

There was a certain comptroller of the queen's household, by name Gabiria, a Basque by birth, and a man of immense possessions: this individual had two sons, handsome boys, between twelve and fourteen years of age, whom I had frequently seen, and indeed conversed with, in my walks. These children, at the time of which I am speaking, were receiving their education at a certain seminary in Madrid. Balseiro, being well acquainted with the father's affection for his children, determined to make it sub-

servient to his own rapacity. He formed a plan which was neither more nor less than to steal the children, and not to restore them to their parent until he had received an enormous ransom. This plan was partly carried into execution: two associates of Balseiro, well dressed, drove up to the door of the seminary, where the children were, and, by means of a forged letter, purporting to be written by the father, induced the schoolmaster to permit the boys to accompany them for a country jaunt, as they pretended. About five leagues from Madrid, Balseiro had a cave in a wild unfrequented spot between the Escorial and a village called Torre Lodones: to this cave the children were conducted, where they remained in durance under the custody of the two accomplices; Balseiro in the meantime remaining in Madrid for the purpose of conducting negotiations with the father. The father, however, was a man of considerable energy, and instead of acceding to the terms of the ruffian, communicated in a letter, instantly took the most vigorous measures for the recovery of his children. Horse and foot were sent out to scour the country, and in less than a week the children were found near the cave, having been abandoned by their keepers, who had taken fright on hearing of the decided measures which had been resorted to; they were, however, speedily arrested and identified by the boys as their ravishers. Balseiro perceiving that Madrid was becoming too hot to hold him, attempted to escape, but whether to the camp of Gibraltar or to the land of the Moor, I know not; he was recognized, however, at a village in the neighbourhood of Madrid, and being apprehended, was forthwith conducted to the capital, where he shortly after terminated his existence on the scaffold, with his two associates; Gabiria and his children being present at the ghastly scene, which they surveyed from a chariot at their ease,—BORROW.

PART III

LXIX

THE GOTHS IN ROME

By a skilful disposition of his numerous forces, Alaric, the leader of the Goths, encompassed the walls, intercepted all communication with the adjacent country, and vigilantly guarded the navigation of the Tiber, from which the Romans derived the surest and most plentiful supply of provisions. The unfortunate city gradually experienced the distress of scarcity, and at length the horrid calamities of famine. The daily allowance of three pounds of bread was reduced to one-half, to one-third, to nothing ; and the price of corn still continued to rise in a rapid and extravagant proportion.

The food the most repugnant to sense or imagination was eagerly devoured, and fiercely disputed, by the rage of hunger. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Rome expired in their houses, or in the streets, for want of sustenance ; and as the public sepulchres without the walls were in the power of the enemy, the stench which arose from so many putrid and unburied carcases infected the air ; and the miseries of famine were succeeded and aggravated by the contagion of a pestilential disease. The relief which was repeatedly promised by the Court of Ravenna never appeared ; and the last resource of the Romans was in the clemency, or at least in the moderation, of the king of the Goths.

The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme powers of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the enemy. When they were introduced into the presence of the Gothic king, they declared, per-

haps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war ; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms and animated by despair. ‘ The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed,’ was the concise reply of the barbarian ; and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine.

He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome : *all* the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the State or of individuals ; *all* the rich and precious movables ; and *all* the slaves who could prove their title to the name of *barbarians*. The ministers of the senate presumed to ask, in a modest and suppliant tone, ‘ If such, O King ! are your demands, what do you intend to leave us ? ’ ‘ Your lives,’ replied the haughty conqueror. They trembled and retired.—GIBBON.

LXX

FLIGHT OF JAMES II : THE IRISH NIGHT

ANOTHER day of agitation and terror closed, and was followed by a night the strangest and most terrible that England had ever seen. Early in the evening an attack was made by the rabble on a stately house which had been built a few months before for the Catholic Lord Powis. Some troopers were sent thither : the mob was dispersed, tranquillity seemed to be restored, and the citizens were retiring quietly to their beds. Just at this time arose a whisper which swelled fast into a fearful

clamour, passed in an hour from Piccadilly to White-chapel, and spread into every street and alley of the capital. It was said that the Irish whom Feversham had let loose were marching on London and massacring every man, woman, and child on the road. At one in the morning the drums of the militia beat to arms. Everywhere terrified women were weeping and wringing their hands, while their fathers and husbands were equipping themselves for fight. Before two the capital wore a face of stern preparedness which might well have daunted a real enemy, if such an enemy had been approaching. Candles were blazing at all the windows. The public places were as bright as at noonday. All the great avenues were barricaded. More than twenty thousand pikes and muskets lined the streets. The late daybreak of the winter solstice found the whole city still in arms. During many years the Londoners retained a vivid recollection of what they called the Irish Night. When it was known that there had been no cause for alarm, attempts were made to discover the origin of the rumour which had produced so much agitation. It appeared that some persons who had the look and dress of clowns just arrived from the country had first spread the report in the suburbs a little before midnight : but whence these men came, and by whom they were employed, remained a mystery. And soon news arrived from many quarters which bewildered the public mind still more. The panic had not been confined to London. The cry that disbanded Irish soldiers were coming to murder the Protestants had, with malignant ingenuity, been raised at once in many places widely distant from each other. Great numbers of letters, skilfully framed for the purpose of frightening ignorant people, had been sent by stage coaches, by wagons, and by the post, to various parts of England. All these

letters came to hand almost at the same time. In a hundred towns at once the populace was possessed with the belief that armed barbarians were at hand, bent on perpetrating crimes as foul as those which had disgraced the rebellion of Ulster. No Protestant would find mercy. Children would be compelled by torture to murder their parents. Babes would be stuck on pikes, or flung into the blazing ruins of what had lately been happy dwellings. Great multitudes assembled with weapons : the people in some places began to pull down bridges and to throw up barricades : but soon the excitement went down. In many districts those who had been so foully imposed upon learned with delight, alloyed by shame, that there was not a single Popish soldier within a week's march. There were places, indeed, where some straggling bands of Irish made their appearance and demanded food : but it can scarcely be imputed to them as a crime that they did not choose to die of hunger ; and there is no evidence that they committed any wanton outrage. In truth they were much less numerous than was commonly supposed ; and their spirit was cowed by finding themselves left on a sudden without leaders or provisions, in the midst of a mighty population which felt towards them as men feel towards a drove of wolves. Of all the subjects of James none had more reason to execrate him than these unfortunate members of his church and defenders of his throne.

—MACAULAY.

LXXI

THE DEFEAT OF MONTROSE

THE alarm of Montrose's being landed startled them all, and gave them no leisure to think of anything else than of sending forces to hinder the recourse of others to join with him. They immediately sent Colonel Straghan,

a diligent and active officer, with a choice party of the best horse they had, to make all possible haste towards him, and to prevent the insurrections, which they feared would be in several parts of the Highlands. And, within a few days after, David Lesley followed with a stronger party of horse and foot. The encouragement the Marquess of Montrose received from his friends, and the unpleasantness of the quarters in which he was, prevailed with him to march, with these few troops, more into the land. And the Highlanders, flocking to him from all quarters, though ill armed, and worse disciplined, made him undervalue any enemy who, he thought, was yet like to encounter him. Straghan made such haste, that the Earl of Sutherland, who at least pretended to have gathered together a body of fifteen hundred men to meet Montrose, chose rather to join with Straghan : others did the like, who had made the same promises, or stayed at home to expect the event of the first encounter. The Marquess was without any body of horse to discover the motion of an enemy, but depended upon all necessary intelligence from the affection of the people ; which he believed to be the same as when he left them. But they were much degenerated ; the tyranny of Argyle, and his having caused very many to be barbarously murdered without any form of law or justice, who had been in arms with Montrose, notwithstanding all acts of pardon or indemnity, had so broken their hearts, that they were ready to do all offices that might gratify and oblige him. So that Straghan was within a small distance of him, before he heard of his approach ; and those Highlanders, who had seemed to come with much zeal to him, whether terrified or corrupted, left him on a sudden, or threw down their arms ; so that he had none left, but a company of good officers, and five or six hundred foreigners, Dutch

and Germans, who had been acquainted with their officers. With these, he betook himself to a place of some advantage by the inequality of the ground, and the bushes and small shrubs which filled it : and there they made a defence for some time with notable courage.

But the enemy being so much superior in number, the common soldiers, being all foreigners, after about a hundred of them were killed upon the place, threw down their arms ; and the Marquess, seeing all lost, threw away his ribbon and George (for he was a Knight of the Garter), and found means to change his clothes with a fellow of the country, and so after having gone on foot two or three miles, he got into a house of a gentleman, where he remained concealed about two days : most of the other officers were shortly after taken prisoners, all the country desiring to merit from Argyle by betraying all those into his hands which they believed to be his enemies. And thus, whether by the owner of the house, or any other way, the Marquess himself became their prisoner. The strangers who were taken, were set at liberty, and transported themselves into their own countries.—CLARENDON.

LXXII

AN ENCOUNTER WITH WINDMILLS

IN the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty windmills altogether on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived than he ran to his squire, ‘ Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wish or hope for : look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom I intend to engage in battle, and put every soul of them to death, so that we may begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils, for it is a meritorious warfare, and serviceable

both to God and man, to extirpate such a wicked race from the face of the earth.' 'What giants do you mean?' said Sancho Panza, in amaze. 'Those you see yonder,' replied his master, 'with vast extended arms, some of which are two leagues long.' 'I would your worship would take notice,' replied Sancho, 'that those you see yonder are no giants, but windmills; and what seem arms to you are sails, which being turned with the wind, make the mill-stone work.' 'It seems very plain,' said the knight, 'that you are but a novice in adventures; these I affirm to be giants, and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat.' So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his squire Sancho, who assured him that those he was going to attack were not giants, but innocent windmills; but he was so much possessed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of his squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, though he was very near them: on the contrary, when he approached them he called aloud, 'Fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you.' At that instant, a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn, which being perceived by Don Quixote, 'Though you wield,' said he, 'more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your insolence.' So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and, assailing the nearest windmill, thrust it into one of the sails, which was driven about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shattered to pieces, and

both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass would carry him to his assistance, and when he came up found him unable to stir, by reason of the bruises which he and Rozinante had received. 'Lord have mercy upon us !' said the squire, 'did not I tell your worship to consider well what you were about ? Did not I assure you they were no other than windmills ? Indeed, nobody could mistake them for anything else, but one who has windmills in his own head.' 'Prithee hold thy peace, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote ; 'the affairs of war are more than anything subject to change. How much more so, as I believe, nay, am certain, that the sage Freston, who stole my study and books, has converted those giants into mills, in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow, such is the enmity he bears me ; but in the end all his treacherous arts will but little avail against the vigour of my sword.' 'God's will be done !' replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to rise and mount Rozinante, that was almost disjointed.—CERVANTES.

LXXIII

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY

By this time July was far advanced, and the state of Londonderry was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in : one of the bastions was laid in ruins ; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were

so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret stock of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined : his innocence was fully proved : he regained his popularity ; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with

haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender'. And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other.' It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.—MACAULAY.

LXXIV

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

HAMILTON fixed five o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of February for the deed. He hoped that, before that time, he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the earths in which the old fox and his two cubs—so Mac Ian and his two sons were nicknamed by the murderers—could take refuge. But, at five precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on, and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay

had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state ; and some of them uttered strange cries. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering. ' I do not like this job,' one of them muttered, ' I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds . . . ' ' We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. ' If there is anything wrong our officers must answer for it.' John Macdonald was so uneasy that, soon after midnight, he went up to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. ' Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that, if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife ? ' John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house, and lay down to rest.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off ; and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise ; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything : he would go anywhere : he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting : but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead.

At Auchnaion the tacksman was up early that morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Serjeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favour to be allowed to die in the open air. 'Well,' said the Serjeant, 'I will do you that favour for the sake of your meat which I have eaten.' The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favoured by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshment for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers : but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.—MACAULAY.

LXXV

SIR LAUNCELOT'S ADVENTURE

Now turn we unto Sir Launcelot, that rode with a damosell in a fair highway. 'Sir,' said the damosell, 'here by this way haunteth a knight that distresseth all ladies and gentlewomen, and at the least he robbeth them.' 'What?' said Sir Launcelot. 'He is a thief and doth great shame unto the order of knighthood and contrary to his oath; it is a pity that he liveth. But fair damosell,

ye shall ride yourself alone before, and I will keep myself in covert.' So the damosell rode on by the way a soft ambling pace.

And within a while came that knight on horseback out of the wood, and his page with him, and there he put the damosell from her horse, and then she cried. With that came Sir Launcelot as fast as he might till he came to that knight. Sir Launcelot threw his spear from him, and he struck that knight such a buffet on the helmet with his sword that he clave his head unto the throat. 'Now hast thou thy payment that thou long hast deserved.' 'That is truth,' said the damosell, 'for like as Turquine watched to destroy knights, so did this knight attend to destroy and distress ladies and gentlewomen, and his name was Sir Peers du Forest Savage.'

'Now, damosell,' said Sir Launcelot, 'will ye any more service of me?' 'Nay, sir,' said she, 'at this time, but almighty God preserve you wheresoever ye go, for the most courteous knight thou art and meekest unto all ladies and gentlewomen that now liveth.'

And so Sir Launcelot and the damosell departed. And then rode he into a deep forest two days and more, and had strait lodging. So on the third day he rode over a great long bridge, and there start upon him suddenly a passing foul churl, and he smote his horse on the nose that he turned about, and asked him why he rode over that bridge without his licence. 'Why should not I ride this way?' said Sir Launcelot. 'Thou shalt not choose,' said the churl; and so lashed at him with a mighty great club full of pins of iron. Then Sir Launcelot drew his sword and put the stroke back, and clove his head. And at the end of the bridge was a fair village, and all the people came out, and Sir Launcelot let them say what they would and went straight into the castle. And when

he came into the castle he alighted and tied his horse to a ring in the wall, and there he saw a fair green court, and thither he went, for there he thought was a fair place to fight in. So he looked about, and saw much people in doors and windows, that said, 'Fair knight, thou art unfortunate.'

Anon therewith came upon him two great giants, well armed all save the heads, with two horrible clubs in their hands. Sir Launcelot put his shield before him and put the stroke away of the one giant, and with his sword he clove his head asunder. When his fellow saw that, he ran away as he were mad for fear of that horrible stroke, and Sir Launcelot ran after him as fast as he might, and smote him on the shoulder, and clave him to the middle.

Then Sir Launcelot went into the hall, and there came before him threescore ladies and damosells, and all kneeled unto him and thanked God and him for their deliverance. 'For, sir,' said they, 'the most part of us have been here this seven years their prisoners, and we have worked all manner of silk works for our meat, and we are all great gentlewomen born, and blessed be the time that ever thou wert born; for thou hast done the most deed of worship that ever did knight in this world, and we pray you to tell us your name, that we may tell our friends who delivered us out of prison.'

'Fair damosells,' he said, 'my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake.' 'Ah, Sir,' said they, 'well mayst thou be he.' 'Now,' said he, 'may ye say unto your friends how and who hath delivered you, and greet them from me, and if I come in any of your marches, show me such cheer as ye have cause; and what treasure there is in this castle I give it you for a reward for your grievance.' 'Fair sir,' said they, 'the name of this castle is Tintagill.'—MALORY.

LXXVI

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

AFTER we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years) he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be ?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcase, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma ? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me: however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed. I attempted to escape, but that only added (if any addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind-legs, just in the

act of seizing me ; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment : after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears ; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth ! which, as before observed, was wide open ; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other ! and they were struggling to extricate themselves ! I fortunately recollected my hunting knife, which was by my side ; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet ! I then, with the butt-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me, for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me, upon

our return to Holland, to the burgomaster, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper.—RASPE.

LXXVII

COLUMBUS

WHEN once more the crews of Columbus's three ships beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weed, such as grows in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks ; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them ; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation ; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board Columbus's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships ; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety ; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance ! Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction ; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchery, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams ; as it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves ; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them ; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de

Triano, but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant ; whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.—KNIGHT.

LXXVIII

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

THEN began a cruel battle, and at the first encounter many were overthrown of both parties. And because the Englishmen were a great number and desired greatly to vanquish their enemies, they did put aback the Scots so that the Scots were near discomfited. Then the Earl James Douglas, who was young and strong, and of great desire to get praise and grace, and cared for no pain or travail, came forth with his banner and cried, ‘ Douglas ! Douglas ! ’ and Sir Henry Percy and Ralph his brother, who had great indignation against the Earl of Douglas because he had won the pennon of their arms at the barriers before Newcastle, came to that part and cried ‘ Percy ! ’ Their two banners met, and their men. Then there was a sore fight ; and the Englishmen were so strong and fought so valiantly that at the beginning they reculed the Scots back. Then the Earl Douglas, who was of great heart and high enterprise, seeing his men driven back, took his axe in both hands and entered so into the press that he made himself way in such wise that none durst approach him. But at the last he was encountered with three spears all at once and borne perforce to earth. His men followed him as near as they could, and there came to him his cousin, Sir James Lindsay, who raised his banner up again and cried ‘ Douglas ! ’ Such as were behind heard that cry, drew together valiantly, and reculed back

the Englishmen, and overthrew many, and so drave the Englishmen back.

The same evening that the Percies departed from Newcastle (as ye have heard before), the Bishop of Durham with the rear-band came to Newcastle and supped. And as he sat at table, he had imagination in himself how he did not acquit himself well to see the Englishmen in the field, and he to be within the town. Forthwith he caused the table to be taken away, and commanded to saddle his horses, and footmen to order themselves to depart. And thus every man departed out of the town to the number of seven thousand, two thousand on horseback and five thousand afoot: they took their way to Otterburn, whereas the battle had been. And by the time they had gone two miles from Newcastle, tidings came to them how their men were fighting with the Scots. Therewith the Bishop rested there, and very soon came more, flying so fast that they were out of breath. Then they were demanded how the matter went. They answered and said, 'Right evil; we be all discomfited; here cometh the Scots chasing us.' These things troubled the Englishmen, and they began to doubt. And again the third time came men flying as fast as they might. When the men heard of these evil tidings, they were abashed in such wise that they brake their array, so that the Bishop could not hold together the number of five hundred. It was thought that if the Scots had followed them in any number, the town had been won, seeing that it was night, and the Englishmen were so abashed.

The Bishop of Durham, being in the field, had good will to succour the Englishmen; and he recomforted his men as much as he could, but he saw his own men fly as much as the other. Then he demanded counsel of Sir Thomas Lucy, and of Sir Thomas Clifford, and of other knights,

what was best to do. These knights for their honour would give no counsel ; they thought that to return again and go forth might be to their great damage ; and so they stood still and would give none answer ; and the longer they stood, the fewer they were, for some still stole away. Then the Bishop said : ‘Sirs, all things considered, it is no honour to put all in peril, nor to make of one evil damage twain. We hear how our company be discomfited, and we cannot remedy it : if we go to recover them, we know not with whom nor with what number we shall meet. Let us return fair and easily for this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow let us draw together and go look on our enemies.’ Every man answered : ‘As God will, so be it.’ Therewith they returned to Newcastle.—
FROISSART.

LXXIX

HANNIBAL’S PASSAGE OF THE RHONE

HANNIBAL came upon the Rhone at a point higher up than the line of the Roman road from Spain to Italy. Here he obtained from the natives on the right bank, by paying a fixed price, all their boats and vessels of every description with which they were accustomed to traffic down the river ; they allowed him also to cut timber for the construction of others ; and thus in two days he was provided with the means of transporting his army. But finding that the Gauls were assembled on the eastern bank to oppose his passage, he sent off a detachment of his army by night with native guides, to ascend the right bank, for about two-and-twenty miles, and there to cross as they could, where there was no enemy to stop them. The woods which then lined the river, supplied this detachment with the means of constructing barks and

rafts enough for the passage ; they took advantage of one of the many islands in this part of the Rhone, to cross where the stream was divided ; and thus they all reached the left bank in safety. There they took up a strong position, probably one of those strange masses of rock which rise here and there with steep cliffy sides like islands out of the vast plain, and rested for four-and-twenty hours after their exertions in the march and the passage of the river.

Hannibal allowed eight-and-forty hours to pass from the time when the detachment left his camp ; and then, on the morning of the fifth day after his arrival on the Rhone, he made his preparations for the passage of his main army. The mighty stream of the river, fed by the snows of the high Alps, is swelled rather than diminished by the heats of summer ; so that, although the season was that when the southern rivers are generally at their lowest, it was rolling the vast mass of its waters along with a startling fullness and rapidity. The heaviest vessels were therefore placed on the left, highest up the stream, to form something of a breakwater for the smaller craft crossing below ; the small boats held the flower of the light-armed foot, while the cavalry were in the larger vessels ; most of the horses being towed astern swimming, and a single soldier holding three or four together by their bridles. Everything was ready, and the Gauls on the opposite side had poured out of their camp and lined the bank in scattered groups at the most accessible points, thinking that their task of stopping the enemy's landing would be easily accomplished. At length Hannibal's eye observed a column of smoke rising on the farther shore, above or on the right of the barbarians. This was the concerted signal which assured him of the arrival of his detachment ; and he instantly ordered his men to embark,

and to push across with all possible speed. They pulled vigorously against the rapid stream, cheering each other to the work ; while behind them were their friends, cheering them also from the bank : and before them were the Gauls singing their war songs, and calling them to come on with tones and gestures of defiance. But on a sudden a mass of fire was seen on the rear of the barbarians, the Gauls on the bank looked behind, and began to turn away from the river ; and presently the bright arms and white linen coats of the African and Spanish soldiers appeared above the bank, breaking in upon the disorderly line of the Gauls. Hannibal himself, who was with the party crossing the river, leaped on shore amongst the first, and forming his men as fast as they landed, led them instantly to the charge. But the Gauls, confused and bewildered, made little resistance ; they fled in utter rout ; whilst Hannibal, not losing a moment, sent back his vessels and boats for a fresh detachment of his army ; and before night his whole force, with the exception of his elephants, was safely established on the eastern side of the Rhone.—ARNOLD.

LXXX

CROMWELL'S VICTORY AT DUNBAR

IN July Cromwell entered Scotland, and marched without any opposition till he came within less than a day's journey of Edinburgh ; where he found the Scottish army encamped upon a very advantageous ground ; and he made his quarters as near as he could conveniently, and yet with disadvantages enough. For the country was so destroyed behind him, and the passes so guarded before, that he was compelled to send for all his provision for horse and foot from England by sea. Just at that season Cromwell was seized upon by a fever which held him

about six weeks, at the end of which time the army was reduced to great straits ; and the Scots really believed that they had them all at their mercy, except such as would embark on board their ships. But as soon as Cromwell had recovered a little strength, his army begun to remove, and seemed to provide for their march. Whether that march was to retire out of so barren a country for want of provisions, or whether that motion was only to draw the Scots from the advantageous post of which they were possessed, it is not yet understood. But it was confessed on all sides that, if the Scots had remained within their trenches, and sent parties of horse to have followed the English army closely, they must have so disordered them, that they would have left their cannon and all their heavy carriage behind them, besides the danger the foot must have been in. But the Scots did not intend to part with them so easily ; they doubted not but to have the spoil of the whole army. And therefore they no sooner discerned that the English were upon their march, but they decamped, and followed with their whole body all the night following, and found themselves in the morning within a small distance of the enemy ; for Cromwell was quickly advertised that the Scottish army was dislodged, and marched after him ; and thereupon he made a stand, and put his men in good order. The Scots found they were not upon so clear a chase as they imagined, and placed themselves upon such a side of a hill, as they believed the English would not have the courage to attack them there.

But Cromwell knew them too well to fear them on any ground, when there were no trenches or fortifications to keep him from them ; and therefore he made haste to charge them on all sides, upon what advantage-ground soever they stood. Their horse did not sustain one charge ;

but fled, and were pursued with a great execution. The foot depended much upon their ministers, who preached, and prayed, and assured them of the victory, till the English were upon them ; and some of their preachers were knocked in the head, whilst they were promising the victory. Though there was so little resistance made, that Cromwell lost very few men by that day's service, yet the execution was very terrible upon the enemy ; the whole body of the foot being, upon the matter, cut in pieces ; no quarter was given till they were weary of killing ; so that there were between five and six thousand dead upon the place ; and very few, but they who escaped by the heels of their horse, were without terrible wounds ; of which very many died shortly after ; especially such of their ministers who were not killed upon the place, as very many were, had very notable marks about the head, and the face, that anybody might know that they were not hurt by chance, or in the crowd, but by very good will. All the cannon, ammunition, carriages, and baggage, were entirely taken, and Cromwell with his victorious army marched directly to Edinburgh ; where he found plenty of all things which he wanted, and good accommodation for the refreshing his army, which stood in need of it.—CLARENDON.

LXXXI

THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER

CROMWELL did not hesitate a moment : without waiting for the slow results of a siege, he resolved to attack Worcester at once on both sides of the Severn, at both extremities of the town, and to carry it at all risks. He encamped on the left bank of the river, and on the very day of his arrival, in spite of the obstinate resistance of the Royalists, he passed a body of troops to the right bank,

under Lambert's orders, and five days after, during the evening of the 2nd of September and the morning of the 3rd, numerous reinforcements, commanded by Fleetwood, executed the same movement, with orders to attack the western suburb of Worcester, whilst Cromwell himself, at the eastern extremity, directed the principal attack against the city itself. Cromwell was already there in person, warmly pushing the attack : before acting himself on the left bank, he had desired to make sure that the orders which he had given were well executed on the right. The Scots made a bold resistance. Charles thought that the bulk of the parliamentary army were engaged on this side, and returning immediately into the town, he put himself at the head of his best infantry and his squadrons of English cavalry, left the city by the eastern gate, and marched upon Cromwell's camp, hoping to find it weakly guarded, and to be able to destroy it. But Cromwell also had passed rapidly over to the left bank of the river, and reappeared at the head of the troops which he had left there. The battle, thus engaged at both extremities of Worcester, lasted for four or five hours—'as stiff a contest as I have ever seen,' wrote Cromwell ; but begun and maintained by the Royalists in the midst of great confusion. The troops led by Charles himself charged the Republicans so vigorously that they gave way at first, abandoning a part of their artillery ; three thousand Scottish cavalry, commanded by Lesley, were under arms behind the king, who sent them orders to follow up his movement, and charge in their turn. ' Oh, for one hour of Montrose ! ' shouted the English Cavaliers ; but Lesley remained motionless. Cromwell meanwhile rallied his troops, and resumed the offensive ; the royal infantry, failing in ammunition, fell back ; the Duke of Hamilton and Sir John Douglas were mortally wounded. Cromwell,

everywhere present and full of confidence, carried the attack in person to the entrenchments of Fort Royal, which covered the city on that side, and summoned the commandant, who occupied it with fifteen hundred men, to surrender ; a volley of artillery was his reply ; but the fort was soon stormed, and the garrison put to the sword. Both Royalists and Republicans fought hand to hand up to the gates of the city : there the disorder was extreme—an ammunition wagon had been overthrown, and blocked the passage ; Charles was obliged to dismount from his horse and enter Worcester on foot ; the Republicans dashed through the breach after him. Meanwhile the conflict in the west had the same issue : Montgomery's Scots, after having exhausted their ammunition, fell back upon the town, pursued by Fleetwood's troops, who entered with them. The combat was renewed in the streets in the form of partial encounters, and intermingled with acts of pillage and heroism, devotedness and flight.—GUIZOT.

LXXXII

THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA

ON the morning of January 2, 1492, the whole Christian camp exhibited a scene of the most animating bustle. The great cardinal Mendoza was sent forward at the head of a large detachment, comprehending his household troops, and the veteran infantry, grown grey in the Moorish wars, to occupy the Alhambra preparatory to the entrance of the sovereigns. Ferdinand stationed himself at some distance in the rear, near the Arabian mosque, since consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. He was surrounded by his courtiers, with their stately retinues, glittering in gorgeous panoply, and

proudly displaying the armorial bearings of their ancient houses. The queen halted still further in the rear, at the village of Armilla.

As the column under the grand cardinal advanced he as met by the Moorish prince, Abdallah, attended by fifty cavaliers, who, descending the hill, rode up to the position occupied by Ferdinand. As the Moor approached the Spanish king, he would have thrown himself from his horse, and saluted his hand in token of homage ; but Ferdinand hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard. Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, ' They are thine, O king, since Allah so decrees it ; use thy success with clemency and moderation.' Ferdinand would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate prince, but he moved forward with a dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and, after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who had preceded him with his most valuable effects.

The sovereigns during this time waited with impatience the signal of the occupation of the city by the cardinal's troops, which, winding slowly along the outer circuit of the walls, as previously arranged, in order to spare the feelings of the citizens as far as possible, entered by what is now called the gate of Los Molines. In a short time, the large silver cross, borne by Ferdinand throughout the crusade, was seen sparkling in the sunbeams, while the standards of Castile and St. Jago waved triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra. At this glorious spectacle, the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the *Te Deum* ; and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees.

The grandees who surrounded Ferdinand then advanced

towards the queen, and, kneeling down, saluted her hand in token of homage to her as sovereign of Granada. The procession took up its march towards the city, 'the king and queen moving in the midst,' says an historian, 'emblazoned with royal magnificence ; and, as they were in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by Heaven for the salvation of Spain.'

In the meanwhile the Moorish king reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and, as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst into tears. 'You do well,' said his more masculine mother, 'to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man !' 'Alas !' exclaimed the unhappy exile, 'when were woes equal to mine !' The scene of this event is still pointed out to the traveller by the people of the district ; and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth, is commemorated by the poetical title of *El Ultimo Sospiro del More*, 'The Last Sigh of the Moor.'—PRESCOTT.

LXXXIII

FROZEN WORDS

WE were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship that I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made them-

selves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf ; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever ; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining with his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain. We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear ; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed ; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. . . .

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin which lay about a mile further up into the country. At about half a mile's distance from our cabin, we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us : but upon inquiry we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox. We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword ; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after ; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible. After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the French cabin, who, to make amends for their week's silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved.—
ADDISON.

LXXXIV

THE EXECUTION OF PACHECO

THE important town of Flushing, having driven from the city the Spanish garrison as well as the reinforcements sent by the Duke of Alva to complete the fortifications of the place, applied to the Prince of Orange for men and arms. A detachment set sail accordingly for Flushing under the command of an adventurous noble, William of Treslong. And a wild crew they were who waked the stagnant waters with their wild songs and cries of vengeance.

That vengeance found soon a distinguished object. Pacheco, the chief engineer of Alva, who had accompanied the duke in his march from Italy, who had since earned a world-wide reputation as the architect of the Antwerp citadel, had been just dispatched to Flushing to complete the fortress whose construction had been so long delayed. He had stepped on shore, entirely ignorant of all which had transpired, expecting to be treated with the respect due to the chief commandant of the place, and to an officer high in the confidence of the Duke of Alva. He found himself surrounded by an indignant and threatening mob. The unfortunate Italian understood not a word of the opprobrious language addressed to him, but he easily comprehended that the authority of the duke was overthrown. Observing De Ryk, a distinguished partisan officer and privateersman of Amsterdam, whose reputation for bravery and generosity was known to him, he approached him, and drawing a seal ring from his finger, kissed it, and handed it to the rebel chieftain. By this dumb-show he gave him to understand that he relied upon his honour for the treatment due to a gentleman. De Ryk understood the appeal, and would willingly have assured him, at least, a soldier's death, but he was power-

less to do so. He arrested him, that he might be protected from the fury of the rabble ; but William of Treslong, who now commanded in Flushing, was especially incensed against the architect of the Antwerp citadel, and felt a ferocious desire to avenge his brother's murder upon the body of the favourite of Alva, by whose orders he had been executed. Pacheco was condemned to be hanged upon the very day of his arrival. Having been brought forth from his prison, he begged hard, but not abjectly, for his life. He offered a heavy ransom, but his enemies were greedy for blood, not for money. It was, however, difficult to find an executioner. The city hangman was absent, and the prejudices of the country and the age against the vile profession had not been diminished during the five horrible years of Alva's administration. Even a condemned murderer, who lay in the town gaol, refused to accept his life in recompense for performing the office. It should never be said, he observed, that his mother had given birth to a hangman. When told, however, that the intended victim was a Spanish officer, the malefactor consented to the task with alacrity, on condition that he might afterwards kill any man who taunted him with the deed.

Arrived at the foot of the gallows, Pacheco complained bitterly of the disgraceful death designed for him. He protested loudly that he came of a house as noble as that of Egmont or Horn, and was entitled to as honourable an execution as theirs had been. 'The sword! the sword!' he frantically exclaimed, as he struggled with those who guarded him. His language was not understood, but the names of Egmont and Horn inflamed still more highly the rage of the rabble, while his cry for the sword was falsely interpreted by a rude fellow who had happened to possess himself of Pacheco's rapier, at his

capture, and who now paraded himself with it at the gallow's foot. 'Never fear for your sword, Señor,' cried this ruffian; 'your sword is safe enough, and in good hands. Up the ladder with you, Señor; you have no further use for your sword.'

Pacheco, thus outraged, submitted to his fate. He mounted the ladder with a steady step, and was hanged between two other Spanish officers. So perished miserably a brave soldier, and one of the most distinguished engineers of his time; a man whose character and accomplishments had certainly merited for him a better fate. But while we stigmatize as it deserves the atrocious conduct of a few Netherland partisans, we should remember who first unchained the demon of international hatred in this unhappy land, nor should it ever be forgotten that the great leader of the revolt, by word, proclamation, example, by entreaties, threats, and condign punishment, constantly rebuked, and to a certain extent restrained, the sanguinary spirit by which some of his followers disgraced the noble cause which they had espoused.

William of Treslong did not long remain in command at Flushing. An officer, high in the confidence of the Prince of Orange, now arrived at Flushing, with a commission to be Lieutenant-Governor over the whole isle of Walcheren. He was attended by a small band of French infantry, while at nearly the same time the garrison was further strengthened by the arrival of a large number of volunteers from England.—MOTLEY.

LXXXV

THE DEATH OF DUNDEE AT KILLIECRANKIE PASS

It was past seven o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids. The few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what probably was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men. The whole line advanced firing. The enemy returned the fire and did much execution. When only a small space was left between the armies, the Highlanders suddenly flung away their firelocks, drew their broadswords, and rushed forward with a fearful yell. The Lowlanders prepared to receive the shock ; but this was then a long and awkward process ; and the soldiers were still fumbling with the muzzles of their guns, and the handles of their bayonets when the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds, and Camerons came down. In two minutes the battle was lost and won. The ranks of Balfour's regiment broke. He was cloven down, while struggling in the press. Ramsay's men turned their backs and dropped their arms. Mackay's own foot were swept away by the furious onset of the Camerons. His brother and nephew exerted themselves in vain to rally the men. The former was laid dead on the ground by a stroke from a claymore. The latter, with eight wounds on his body, made his way through the tumult and carnage to his uncle's side. Even in that extremity Mackay retained all his self-possession. He had still one hope. A charge of horse might recover the day ; for of horse the bravest Highlanders were supposed to stand in awe. But he called on the horse in vain. Belhaven, indeed, behaved like a gallant gentleman : but

his troopers, appalled by the rout of the infantry, galloped off in disorder : Annandale's men followed : all was over ; and the mingled torrent of redcoats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie.

Mackay, accompanied by one trusty servant, spurred bravely through the thickest of the claymores and targets, and reached a point from which he had a view of the field. His whole army had disappeared, with the exception of some Borderers whom Leven had kept together, and of Hastings's regiment, which had poured murderous fire into the Celtic ranks, and which still kept unbroken order. All the men that could be collected were only a few hundreds. The general made haste to lead them across the Garry, and, having put that river between them and the enemy, paused for a moment to meditate on his situation.

He could hardly understand how the conquerors could be so unwise as to allow him even that moment for deliberation. They might with ease have killed or taken all who were with him before the night closed in. But the energy of the Celtic warriors had spent itself in one furious rush and one short struggle. The pass was choked by the twelve hundred beasts of burden which carried the provisions and baggage of the vanquished army. Such a booty was irresistibly tempting to men who were impelled to war quite as much by the desire of rapine as by the desire of glory. It is probable that few even of the chiefs were disposed to leave so rich a prize for the sake of King James. Dundee himself might at that moment have been unable to persuade his followers to quit the heaps of spoil, and to complete the great work of the day ; and Dundee was no more.

At the beginning of the action he had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him, and rode forward. But it seemed to be decreed that,

on that day, the Lowland Scotch should in both armies appear to disadvantage. The horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and, waving his hat, invited them to come on. As he lifted his arm, his cuirass rose, and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket ball struck him ; his horse sprang forward, and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust, which hid from both armies the fall of the victorious general. A person named Johnstone was near him and caught him as he sank down from the saddle. ‘ How goes the day ? ’ said Dundee, ‘ Well for King James ; ’ answered Johnstone : ‘ but I am sorry for your lordship.’ ‘ If it is well for him,’ answered the dying man, ‘ it matters the less for me.’ He never spoke again ; but when, half an hour later, Lord Dunfermline and some other friends came to the spot, they thought that they could discern some faint remains of life. The body, wrapped in two plaids, was carried to the Castle of Blair.—MACAULAY.

LXXXVI

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

THE Englishmen, who were in three battles, lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet, fair and easily, without any haste, and arranged their battles, the first, which was the prince’s battle ; the archers there stood in manner of a harrow, and the men-of-arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel, with the second battle, were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince’s battle, if need were. The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order ; for some came before, and some

came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed; and (he) said to his marshals, 'Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis.' There were of the Genoese crossbows about fifteen thousand; but they were so weary of going a-foot that day a six league, armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms, as we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Duke of Alençon, who said, 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most needs.' Also at the same season there fell a great rain and eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap, and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot, then they shot fiercely with their crossbows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly, and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows pressing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, 'Slay these rascals; for

they shall hinder and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-of-arms dash in among them, and kill a great number of them ; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press ; the sharp arrows ran into the men-of-arms, and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoese ; and when they were down, they could not relyne again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went on foot, with great knives, and they went in among the men-of-arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners. The valiant King of Bohemia, called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble emperor, Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, ' Where is the Lord Charles, my son ? ' His men said, ' Sir, we cannot tell, we think he be fighting.' Then he said, ' Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey, I require you bring me so forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword.' They said they would do his commandment ; and to the intent that they might not lose him in the press, they tied all the reins of their bridles each together, and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, his son, who wrote himself King of Bohemia, and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle ; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their part, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward, that he struck a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company, and they

adventured themselves so forward, that they were all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied to each other.—
FROISSART.

LXXXVII

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

THE great siege of Constantinople began on April 6, 1453, and in spite of the desperate valour of the besieged, its fate could towards the end of May be no longer averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted : the fortifications, which had stood for ages against hostile violence, were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon ; many breaches were opened, and four towers had been levelled with the ground. Mahomet now decided to deliver his great and general attack in the morning of the memorable 29th of May.

The preceding night had been strenuously employed ; the troops and the cannon were advanced to the edge of the ditch, and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with the prows and their scaling ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbour. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land ; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command ; of the feebleness of age, of childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onwards to the wall : the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated ; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians,

was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defence : the Turks supported the footsteps of their companions ; and of this devoted vanguard, the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge ; their progress was various and doubtful ; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage ; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valour : he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasions ; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish ; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear, of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs ; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides ; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire. The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood,

and the exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from the station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor. 'Your wound,' exclaimed Palaeologus, 'is slight ; the danger is pressing ; your presence is necessary ; and whither will you retire ?' 'I will retire,' said the trembling Genoese, 'by the same road which God has opened to the Turks ;' and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act, he stained the honours of a military life ; and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the Isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defence began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigour. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians ; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins : in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access, or more feebly guarded ; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was irrecoverably lost. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimitar in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification : of the thirty Janizaries, who were emulous of his valour, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit ; the giant was precipitated from the rampart ; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible : the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks ;

and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles, who fought round his person, sustained, till their last breath, the honourable names of Palaeologus and Cantaeuzene. His mournful exclamation was heard, 'Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?' and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels.—GIBBON.

LXXXVIII

THE SURRENDER AT SARATOGA

BURGOYNE now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogized by many native historians, but I prefer quoting the testimony of a foreign writer, as free from all possibility of partiality. Botta says:

'It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians; and the effective force of the whole army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from ten thousand combatants to less than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than three thousand were English.

‘ In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own number, whose position extended three parts of a circle around them ; who refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy’s cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of their lines, the troops of Burgoyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or word, which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude.’

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a convention.

General Gates in the first instance demanded that the royal army should surrender prisoners of war. He also proposed that the British should ground their arms. Burgoyne replied, ‘ This article is inadmissible in every extremity ; sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter.’ After various messages, a convention for the surrender of the army was settled, which provided that ‘ The troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honours of war, and the artillery of the entrenchments, to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great

Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest'.

The articles of capitulation were settled on the 15th of October, and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged, and the army was, indeed, too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack if made ; and Gates certainly would have made it, if the convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this convention 5,790 men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and wounded left in the camp while the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German, and Canadian troops, who were killed, wounded, or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding part of the expedition, were reckoned to be 4,689.

The British sick and wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the battle of the 7th were treated with exemplary humanity ; and when the convention was executed, General Gates showed a noble delicacy of feeling which deserves the highest degree of honour. Every circumstance was avoided which could give the appearance of triumph. The American troops remained within their lines, until the British had piled their arms ; and when this was done, the vanquished officers and soldiers were received with friendly kindness by their victors, and their immediate wants were promptly and liberally supplied. Discussions and disputes afterwards arose as to some of the terms of the convention ; and the American Congress refused for a long time to carry into effect the article which provided for the return

of Burgoyne's army to Europe; but no blame was imputable to General Gates or his army, who showed themselves to be generous as they had proved themselves to be brave.—CREASY.

LXXXIX

QUESADA'S LAST DAY

THE Government of Queen Christina of Spain was very unpopular in Madrid. In order to gain strength they associated with themselves a man of the name of Quesada, a great fighter, whose exploits both on the French and Spanish sides of the Pyrenees had made him famous. This person was made Captain-General of Madrid.

One day about noon I entered the Puerta del Sol in company with my friend D——, the correspondent of an English newspaper. A threatening crowd joined by some soldiers was gathering, and mischief was clearly in the air. Let us, said my friend, get out of this crowd and mount to some window where I can write down what is about to take place.

We had scarcely been five minutes at the window, when we suddenly heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the street called the Calle de Carretas. The house in which we had stationed ourselves was just opposite to the post office, at the left of which this street debouches from the north into the Puerta del Sol: as the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all: once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words Quesada! Quesada! The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless, but I observed that the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried

words ; all of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thoroughbred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling upon the ground, beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends, for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands : I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way, retiring by the Calle del Comercio and the street of Alcala. All at once, Quesada singled out two nationals, who were attempting to escape, and setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out, ' Long live the absolute queen ! ' when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of

a foraging cap just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged, then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace ; the youth evidently quailed before him, and probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air ; whereupon Quesada dismounted and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

This was the glorious day of Quesada's existence, his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sun set. No action of any conqueror or hero on record is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada, for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course ? Quesada did : he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed.—BORROW.

XC

THE SKIRMISH AT POWICK

THE advanced guard of the Parliamentary army was now approaching Worcester under Fiennes, who expected to find the gates opened for him by his correspondents within the town. No demonstration being manifested in his favour, he took alarm and hastily retreated, believing that Rupert must have arrived. It appears, however, that the Parliamentary leader only withdrew as far as Pershore, and was then persuaded, in an evil hour, to return and try an encounter with the Royal Horse. The brave Sandys gave this advice, and proceeded to put it into execution ; advancing over Powick Bridge, along a narrow road that opened on a wide meadow, called the Brickfield. He was at the head of one thousand horse and dragoons, the flower of the Roundhead cavalry, impenetrably cased in steel, and well mounted. With this powerful force, Sandys hoped to fall upon the Cavaliers while they were unprepared and wearied with their long and hurried march ; he knew the powerful effect of a first victory and the honour to be won by the conqueror.

Meanwhile, Rupert had arrived in Worcester ; he found the town utterly indefensible, and arranged with Byron to retire that night towards Shrewsbury. Whilst preparations for the march were being made, in order to rest his cavalry and at the same time to keep watch upon the neighbouring enemy, the Prince led his troops into the Brickfield, a little distance from the town, upon the Pershore road. Prince Maurice, Lord Crawford, Lord Digby, Wilmot, Charles Lucas, Lewis Dives, and Byron, accompanied him, and he was soon afterwards joined by Lord Northampton's troop of gentlemen. There was no appearance, however, of any enemy in the rich and quiet

harvest fields : so the young Cavaliers had laid aside their armour and flung themselves down to rest their wearied limbs upon the grass. As they lay thus, both officers and men, scattered and dismounted, they suddenly caught sight of a strong column of the enemy advancing rapidly along the Pershore road, and forming into line as fast as they debouched upon the open space. Rupert sprang to his feet, leaped upon the nearest horse, and called to his comrades to charge, ' For the honour of God and of their country ! ' Not one who heard him paused or waited for his men to follow him ; in gallant rivalry, each only strove to be first upon the enemy ; unarmoured as they were, they spurred forward with the cheering war-cry, ' For a king ! ' and so charged their iron-clad enemies, and charged them home. The Roundheads met them stoutly, too, though scarcely disengaged from the narrow lane. They were mailed all over and well commanded, nevertheless, they could not stand before that furious charge. Rupert was ever resistless when first he came upon his enemy, and now he and his comrade Cavaliers not only dashed through, but rode down the hostile ranks. At the same time Lord Crawford was ordered by the Prince to fall upon the right flank of the enemy, which he did with severe effect. Swords, however, struck almost vainly upon the impenetrable armour of the Roundheads ; they seemed unwounded, yet they were shaken, routed, driven into the river and drowned, or utterly dispersed. The brave Sandys, their colonel, did not share their flight ; he fell in the first shock, as did his major, Gunter. The survivors never drew rein for four miles, when they were espied by Essex's Life Guards, galloping into Pershore with swords drawn ; many unhelmeted, and all filled with such fear that they frightened the Life Guards too ; then they galloped altogether to the head-quarters of the Lord-

General, where they received but ' a cold welcome ', which one of them candidly confesses was their due. As the Cavaliers returned from the pursuit, they found, to their surprise, that but four or five of their troopers had fallen, whilst of the officers who formed the front rank in the irregular and chivalrous charge, all had received some wound, except Prince Rupert. On the other side, four hundred are said, by Lord Falkland, to have been slain ; few were taken prisoners, but five or six standards were won, and many good horses, which proved far more valuable.

The moral effect of this skirmish was very great. That the best Parliamentary cavalry, fully armed and well mounted, should have been put to sudden and utter rout by half their numbers of Cavaliers, without armour, and on wearied horses, appeared very ominous. The defeated troops magnified their opponents' valour in order to mitigate their own disgrace ; many wandered altogether away from the Roundhead standard, and spread abroad the ' terror of Prince Rupert's name ; his irresistible courage, and that of the king's horse.'—WARBURTON.

XCI

ANDREW WILSON THE SMUGGLER

THE county of Fife, bounded by two firths on the south and north, and by the sea on the east, and having a number of small seaports, was long famed for maintaining successfully a contraband trade ; and, as there were many seafaring men residing there, who had been pirates and buccaneers in their youth, there were not wanting a sufficient number of daring men to carry it on. Among these, a fellow, called Andrew Wilson, originally a baker

in the village of Pathhead, was particularly obnoxious to the revenue officers. He was possessed of great personal strength, courage, and cunning—was perfectly acquainted with the coast, and capable of conducting the most desperate enterprises. On several occasions he succeeded in baffling the pursuit and researches of the king's officers ; but he became so much the object of their suspicions and watchful attention, that at length he was totally ruined by repeated seizures. The man became desperate. He considered himself as robbed and plundered, and took it into his head that he had a right to make reprisals, as he could find opportunity. He associated with himself one Robertson, and two other idle young men, whom, having been concerned in the same illicit trade, he persuaded to view the transaction in the same justifiable light in which he himself considered it. They watched the motions of the collector ; they broke forcibly into the house where he lodged—Wilson, with two of his associates, entering the collector's apartments, while Robertson, the fourth, kept watch at the door with a drawn cutlass in his hand. The officer of the customs conceiving his life in danger, escaped out of his bedroom window and fled in his shirt, so that the plunderers, with much ease, possessed themselves of about two hundred pounds of public money. An alarm was at length given, military were called in, the depredators were pursued, the booty recovered, and Wilson and Robertson tried and condemned to death, chiefly on the evidence of an accomplice.

When it became apparent that the sentence of death was to be executed, files and other instruments necessary for their escape, were transmitted secretly to the culprits by a friend from without. By these means they sawed a bar out of one of the prison windows, and might have made their escape, but for the obstinacy of Wilson, who,

as he was daringly resolute, was doggedly pertinacious of his opinion. His comrade, Robertson, a young and slender man, proposed to make the experiment of passing the foremost through the gap they had made, and enlarging it from the outside, if necessary, to allow Wilson free passage. Wilson, however, insisted on making the first experiment, and being a robust and lusty man, he not only found it impossible to get through betwixt the bars, but, by his struggles, he jammed himself so fast, that he was unable to draw his body back again. In these circumstances discovery became unavoidable, and sufficient precautions were taken by the jailor to prevent any repetition of the same attempt.

Adjacent to the tolbooth or city jail of Edinburgh, is one of the three churches into which the cathedral of St. Giles is now divided, called, from its vicinity, the Tolbooth Church. It was the custom that criminals under sentence of death were brought to this church, with a sufficient guard, to hear and join in public worship, on the sabbath before execution. The clergyman, whose duty it was to officiate in the Tolbooth Church, had concluded an affecting discourse, part of which was particularly directed to the unfortunate men, Wilson and Robertson, who were in the pew set apart for the persons in their unhappy situation, each secured betwixt two soldiers of the city guard. The benediction was pronounced as usual, and the congregation was dismissed, many lingering to indulge their curiosity with a more fixed look at the two criminals, who now, as well as their guards, rose up, as if to depart when the crowd should permit them. A murmur of compassion was heard to pervade the spectators, the more general, perhaps, on account of the alleviating circumstances of the case ; when all at once, Wilson who, as we have already noticed, was a very strong man, seized two

of the soldiers, one with each hand, and calling at the same time to his companion, 'Run, Geordie, run!' threw himself on a third, and fastened his teeth on the collar of his coat. Robertson stood for a second as if thunder-struck, and unable to avail himself of the opportunity of escape; but the cry of 'Run, run!' being echoed from many around, whose feelings surprised them into a very natural interest in his behalf, he shook off the grasp of the remaining soldier, threw himself over the pew, mixed with the dispersing congregation, none of whom felt inclined to stop a poor wretch taking his last chance for his life, gained the door of the church, and was lost to all pursuit. Wilson himself, under a strong escort of the City Guard, was on the appointed day led to the scaffold, submitted quietly to his fate, and the sentence of the law was fulfilled.—SCOTT.

XCII

THE BANG UP COACHMAN

AMONG the coachmen who frequented the inns was one who was called 'the bang-up-coachman'. He derived his sobriquet partly from his being dressed in the extremity of coach dandyism, and partly from the peculiar insolence of his manner. He was a large, tall fellow about thirty, with a face upon which insolence and cruelty were stamped most visibly. One day he drove his coach to the inn, and after having dismounted and received the contributions of the generality of the passengers, he strutted up, with a cigar in his mouth, to an individual who had come with him, and who had just asked me a question with respect to the direction of a village about three miles off, to which he was going. 'Remember the coachman,' said the knight of the box to this individual, who was a thin person of

about sixty, with a white hat, rather shabby black coat, and buff-coloured trousers, and who held an umbrella and a small bundle in his hand. 'If you expect me to give you anything,' said he to the coachman, 'you are mistaken; I will give you nothing. You have been very insolent to me as I rode behind you on the coach, and have encouraged two or three trumpery fellows, who rode along with you, to cut scurvy jokes at my expense, and now you come to me for money; I am not so poor, but I could have given you a shilling had you been civil, as it is, I will give you nothing.' 'Oh! you won't, won't you?' said the coachman; 'dear me! I hope I shan't starve because you won't give me anything—a shilling! why, I could afford to give you twenty if I thought fit, you pauper! civil to you, indeed! things are come to a fine pass if I need be civil to you! Do you know who you are speaking to? why, the best lords in the country are proud to speak to me. Why, it was only the other day that the Marquis of —— said to me ——,' and then he went on to say what the Marquis said to him; after which, flinging down his cigar, he strutted up the road, swearing to himself about paupers.

'You say it is three miles to ——,' said the individual to me; 'I think I shall light my pipe, and smoke it as I go along.' Thereupon he took out from a side-pocket a tobacco-box and short meerschaum pipe, and implements for striking a light, filled his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking. Presently the coachman drew near, I saw at once that there was mischief in his eye; the man smoking was standing with his back towards him, and he came so nigh to him, seemingly purposely, that as he passed a puff of smoke came of necessity against his face. 'What do you mean by smoking in my face?' said he, striking the pipe of the elderly individual out of his mouth. The other, without manifesting much surprise, said, 'I

thank you ; and if you will wait a minute, I will give you a receipt for that favour ' ; then gathering up his pipe, and taking off his coat and hat, he laid them on a stepping-block which stood near, and rubbing his hands together, he advanced towards the coachman in an attitude of offence, holding his hands crossed very near to his face. The coachman, who probably expected anything but such a movement from a person of the age and appearance of the individual whom he had insulted, stood for a moment motionless with surprise ; but, recollecting himself, he pointed at him derisively with his finger ; the next moment, however, the other was close upon him, had struck aside the extended hand with his left fist, and given him a severe blow on the nose with his right, which he immediately followed by a left-hand blow in the eye ; then drawing his body slightly backward, with the velocity of lightning he struck the coachman full in the mouth, and the last blow was the severest of all, for it cut the coachman's lips nearly through ; blows so quickly and sharply dealt I had never seen. The coachman reeled like a fir-tree in a gale, and seemed nearly unsensed. ' Ho ! what 's this ? a fight ! a fight ! ' sounded from a dozen voices, and people came running from all directions to see what was going on. The coachman, coming somewhat to himself, disencumbered himself of his coat and hat ; and, encouraged by two or three of his brothers of the whip, showed some symptoms of fighting, endeavouring to close with his foe, but the attempt was vain, his foe was not to be closed with ; he did not shift or dodge about, but warded off the blows of his opponent with the greatest sang-froid, always using the guard which I have already described, and putting in, in return, short chopping blows with the swiftness of lightning. In a very few minutes the countenance of the coachman was literally cut to pieces,

and several of his teeth were dislodged ; at length he gave in ; stung with mortification, however, he repented, and asked for another round ; it was granted, to his own complete demolition. The coachman did not drive his coach back that day, he did not appear on the box again for a week ; but he never held up his head afterwards. Before I quitted the inn, he had disappeared from the road, going no one knew where.—BORROW.

XCIII

ESCAPE OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER

A FEW days after the battle of Falkirk, so disastrous to the English army, Lord Loudon made a dashing attempt to seize Prince Charles Edward, the young Pretender, at Moy, the account of which is thus narrated.

‘ On the 16th of February the Prince slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the chief of the clan of Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inverness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general in the service of King George, and colonel of a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness with about two thousand regular troops, the prince intended to wait the arrival of the other column before approaching nearer to that town. In the meantime, Lord Loudon formed the project of seizing by surprise the person of the prince, who could have no suspicion of any attempt of the kind, conceiving himself in perfect security at Moy. His lordship, at three o’clock in the afternoon, posted guards and a chain of sentinels all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered at the same time fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment’s warning ; and having

assembled this body of troops without noise, and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the Castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

‘ Whilst some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailey, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped from them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels, and took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off, in order to inform the prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon ; and the prince, with difficulty, escaped in his dressing gown, nightcap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion ; but by the care and attention she experienced, her health was re-established. The prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the castle of Moy.

‘ As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the prince, and assured his royal highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle, as he would answer for it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by

flight to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project into execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after another. When the head of the detachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice, "Here come the villains who intend carrying off our prince; fire, my lads, do not spare them—give no quarter!" In an instant muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment, seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that our whole army was lying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred of his regular troops to flight. The fifer of his lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge; and the detachment did not wait for a second.—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

XCIV

SANCHO PANZA AND HIS PHYSICIAN

THE history informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a most neat and magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he

entered, the wind-music played and four pages waited on him, in order to the washing of his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. And now, the instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered great variety of fruit and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and another, who did the office of server, set a dish of fruit before him. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth before the physician touched the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately another, with meat, was clapped in the place; but Sancho was no sooner offered to taste it, than the doctor, with the wand conjured it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was annoyed at the sudden removal, and, looking about him on the company, asked them, 'Whether they used to tantalize people at that rate, feeding their eyes, and starving their bellies?' 'My lord governor,' answered the physician, 'you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physic, my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own, studying night and day his constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now, the chief thing I do is, to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health and offensive to his stomach. Therefore, I now ordered the fruit to

be taken away, because it was too cold and moist ; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to increase thirst ; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life.' ' So, then,' quoth Sancho, ' this dish of roasted partridges here can do me no manner of harm.' ' Hold,' said the physician, ' the Lord Governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it.' ' Why so ? ' cried Sancho. ' Because,' answered the doctor, ' our great master, Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physic, says, in one of his aphorisms, " All repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all ! " ' ' If it be so,' said Sancho, ' let Mr. Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good, and least harm, and let me eat my bellyful of that, without having it whisked away with his wand. For, by my hopes and the pleasures of government, as I live, I am ready to die with hunger ; and, not to allow me to eat any victuals (let Mr. Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it.' ' Very true, my lord,' replied the physician ; ' however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of these rabbits, as being a hairy, furry, sort of food ; nor would I have you taste that veal. Indeed, if it were neither roasted nor parboiled, something might be said ; but, as it is, it must not be.' ' Well, then,' said Sancho, ' what think you of that huge dish yonder that smokes so ? I take it to be an olla podrida ; and, that being a hodge-podge of so many sorts of victuals, sure I cannot but light upon something there that will nick me and be both wholesome and toothsome.' ' Absit,' cried the doctor, ' far be such an ill thought from us ; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than those wish washes do. No, leave that luxurious compound to your rich monks and prebendaries,

your masters of colleges, and lusty feeders at country weddings ; but let them not encumber the tables of governors, where nothing but delicate unmixed viands, in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reason is, that simple medicines are generally allowed to be better than compounds ; for, in a composition, there may happen a mistake by an unequal proportion of the ingredients ; but simples are not subject to that accident. Therefore, what I would advise at present as a fit diet for the governor, for the preservation and support of his health, is a hundred of small wafers and a few thin slices of marmalade to strengthen his stomach and help digestion.'—CERVANTES.

XCV

FIGHTING ROUND LOXA

THE Moors had thrown strong reinforcements into Loxa, a city standing on high ground, but commanded by the heights of Albohacin. After some deliberation among the commanders of the besieging army it was determined to invest Loxa on both sides, one part of the army was to seize upon the dangerous but commanding height in front of the city, while the main body of the army, under King Ferdinand, by whose side fought Earl Rivers with a body of Englishmen, making a circuit, should attack on the opposite side.

After a perilous march the heights were reached by the Spaniards, but the Moors, led by the fierce Hamet el Zegri, at once sallied from the city to dislodge their foes, and a desperate battle ensued. The Moors knew the importance of the height to the safety of the city ; the cavaliers felt their honours staked to maintain it. Fresh

supplies of troops were poured out of the city ; some battled on the height, while some attacked the Christians who were still in the valley, and among the orchards and gardens, to prevent their uniting their forces. The troops in the valley were gradually driven back, and the whole host of the Moors swept around the Albohacin.

The situation of the Marquis of Cadiz and his companions was perilous in the extreme ; they were a mere handful ; and while they were fighting hand to hand with the Moors who assailed the height, they were galled from a distance by the crossbows and arquebuses of a host that augmented each moment in number. At this critical juncture King Ferdinand emerged from the mountains with the main body of the army, and advanced to an eminence commanding a full view of the field of action. By his side was the noble English cavalier, the Earl of Rivers. This was the first time he had witnessed a scene of Moorish warfare. He looked with eager interest at the chance medley fight before him—the wild career of cavalry, the irregular and tumultuous rush of infantry, and Christian helm and Moorish turban intermingling in deadly struggle. His high blood mounted at the sight ; and his very soul was stirred within him by the confused war-cries, the clangour of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses that came echoing up the mountains. Seeing the king was sending a reinforcement to the field, he entreated permission to mingle in the affray, and fight according to the fashion of his country. His request being granted, he alighted from his steed. His sword was girded by his side, and in his hand he wielded a powerful battleaxe. He was followed by a body of his yeomen armed in like manner, and by a band of archers, with bows made of the tough English yew tree. The earl turned to his troops and addressed them briefly and bluntly according to the

manner of his country. ‘Remember, my merry men all,’ said he, ‘the eyes of strangers are upon you : you are in a foreign land, fighting for the glory of God, and the honour of merry old England.’ A loud shout was the reply. The earl waved his battleaxe over his head. ‘St. George for England !’ cried he ; and, to the inspiring sound of this old English war-cry, he and his followers rushed down to the battle with manly and courageous hearts.

They soon made their way into the midst of the enemy ; but, when engaged in the hottest of the fight, they made no shouts or outcries. They pressed steadily forward, dealing their blows to right and left, hewing down the Moors, and cutting their way with their battleaxes, like woodmen in a forest ; while the archers, pressing into the opening they made, plied their bows vigorously and spread death on every side.

When the Castilian mountaineers beheld the valour of the English yeomanry, they would not be outdone in hardihood. They could not vie with them in weight and bulk, but for vigour and activity they were surpassed by none. They kept pace with them, therefore, with equal heart and rival prowess, and gave a brave support to the stout islanders.

The Moors were confounded by the fury of these assaults, and disheartened by the loss of Hamet el Zegri, who was carried wounded from the field. They gradually fell back upon the bridge ; the Christians followed up their advantage and drove them over it tumultuously. The Moors retreated into the suburb and Lord Rivers and his troops entered with them pell mell, fighting in the streets and in the houses. King Ferdinand came up to the scene of action with his royal guard, and the infidels were all driven within the city walls. Thus were the

suburbs gained by the hardihood of the English lord, without such an event having been premeditated.

The Earl of Rivers, notwithstanding he had received a wound, still urged forward in the attack. He penetrated almost to the city gate, in defiance of a shower of missiles that slew many of his followers. A stone, hurled from the battlements, checked his impetuous career. It struck him in the face, dashed out two of his front teeth, and laid him senseless on the earth. He was removed to a short distance by his men ; but, recovering his senses, refused to permit himself to be taken from the suburb.

When the contest was over, the streets presented a piteous spectacle, so many of their inhabitants had died in the defence of their thresholds, or been slaughtered without resistance. Among the victims was a poor weaver, who had been at work in his dwelling at this turbulent moment. His wife urged him to fly into the city. ‘ Why should I fly ? ’ said the Moor, ‘ to be reserved for hunger and slavery ? I tell you, wife, I will abide here ; for better it is to die quickly by the steel, than to perish piecemeal in chains and dungeons.’ He said no more, but resumed his occupation of weaving ; and, in the indiscriminate fury of the assault, was slaughtered at his loom.

The Christians remained masters of the field and proceeded to pitch three encampments for the prosecution of the siege. The king, with the great body of the army, took a position on the side of the city next to Granada. The Marquis of Cadiz and his brave companions once more pitched their tents upon the height of Santo Albahacin ; but the English Earl planted his standard sturdily within the suburb he had taken.—W. IRVING.

XCVI

DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLING

HAVING seen all the curiosities of Florence, and hired a good travelling coach for seven weeks, at the price of seven sequins, something less than three guineas and a half, we set out post for Rome, by the way of Sienna, where we lay the first night. The country through which we passed is mountainous but agreeable. Of Sienna I can say nothing from my own observation, but that we were indifferently lodged and fared wretchedly at supper. The city is large and well built : the inhabitants pique themselves upon their politeness and the purity of their dialect. Certain it is, some strangers reside in this place on purpose to learn the best pronounciation of the Italian tongue.

Next day, at Buon Convento, where the Emperor Henry VII was poisoned by a friar with the sacramental wafer, I refused to give money to the ostler, who in revenge put two young unbroke horses in the traces next to the coach, which became so unruly, that before we had gone a quarter of a mile, they and the postilion were rolling in the dust. In this situation they made such efforts to disengage themselves, and kicked with such violence, that I imagined the carriage and all our trunks would have been beaten in pieces. We leaped out of the coach, however, without sustaining any personal damage, except the fright ; nor was any hurt done to the vehicle. But the horses were terribly bruised, and almost strangled, before they could be disengaged. Exasperated at the villany of the ostler, I resolved to make a complaint to the magistrate of the place. I found him wrapped in an

old, greasy, ragged, great-coat, sitting in a wretched apartment, without either glass, paper, or boards in the windows ; and there was no sort of furniture but a couple of broken chairs and a miserable truckle-bed. He looked pale, and meagre, and had more the air of a half-starved prisoner than of a magistrate. Having heard my complaint, he came forth into a kind of outward room or belfry, and rung a great bell with his own hand. In consequence of this signal, the post-master came upstairs, and I suppose he was the first man in the place, for the magistrate stood before him cap-in-hand, and with great marks of humble respect repeated the complaint I had made. This man assured me, with an air of conscious importance, that he himself had ordered the ostler to supply me with those very horses, which were the best in his stable ; and that the misfortune which happened was owing to the misconduct of the fore-postilion, who did not keep the fore-horses to a proper speed proportioned to the mettle of the other two. As he took the affair upon himself, and I perceived had an ascendancy over the magistrate, I contented myself with saying I was certain the two horses had been put to the coach on purpose, either to hurt or to frighten us ; and that since I could not have justice here I would make a formal complaint to the British minister at Florence. In passing through the street to the coach, which was by this time furnished with fresh horses, I met the ostler, and would have caned him heartily ; but perceiving my intention, he took to his heels and vanished. Of all the people I have ever seen, the ostlers, postilions, and other fellows hanging about the posthouses in Italy, are the most greedy, impertinent, and provoking. Happy are those travellers who have phlegm enough to disregard their insolence and impertunity ; for this is not so disagreeable as their revenge

is dangerous. An English gentleman at Florence told me, that one of those fellows, whom he had struck for his impertinence, flew at him with a long knife, and he could hardly keep him at sword's point. All of them wear such knives, and are very apt to use them on the slightest provocation. But their open attacks are not so formidable as their premeditated schemes of revenge ; in the prosecution of which the Italians are equally treacherous and cruel.—SMOLLETT.

XCVII

THE LISTS AT ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

AT length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of these long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion whom these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold ; and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse ; and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out,

'Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield!—touch the Hospitaller's shield, he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain!'

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight, whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few argued the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the disinherited knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators. The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes that seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and

handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter ; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John, with his truncheon, signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the disinherited knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the templar sustained his high reputation ; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the templar scarce the work of a moment ; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators,

he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The disinherited knight sprung from his seat, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

‘We shall meet again, I trust,’ said the templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; ‘and where there are none to separate us.’

‘If we do not,’ said the disinherited knight, ‘the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee.’—
SCOTT.

XCVIII

THE SIEGE OF RONDA

HAMET EL ZEGRI, the commander of Ronda, a mountain city of Spain held by the Moors, was returning home after a sudden and successful descent into the plains of Andalusia. Apprehending no danger to his city, he had left but a remnant of his garrison to man its walls; and now, laden with spoil, he had regained the mountains, exulting in his successful inroad. As he drew near to Ronda, he was roused from his dream of triumph by the sound of heavy ordnance, bellowing through the mountain defiles. His heart misgave him; he put spurs to his horse, and galloped in advance of his lagging cavalcade. As he proceeded, the noise of the ordnance increased, echoing from cliff to cliff. Spurring his horse up a craggy height, which commanded an extensive view, he beheld, to his consternation, the country about Ronda white with the tents of a besieging army. The royal standard, displayed before a proud

encampment, showed that Ferdinand himself was present ; while the incessant blaze and thunder of artillery, and the volumes of overhanging smoke, told the work of destruction that was going on.

The royal army had succeeded in coming upon Ronda by surprise, during the absence of its governor and most of its garrison ; but its inhabitants were warlike, and defended themselves bravely, trusting that Hamet would return to their assistance.

When Hamet el Zegri beheld his city thus surrounded and assailed, he called upon his men to follow him, and make a desperate attempt to cut their way through to its relief. They proceeded stealthily through the mountains, until they came to the nearest heights above the Christian camp. When night fell, and part of the army was sunk in sleep, they descended the rocks, and rushing suddenly upon the weakest part of the camp, endeavoured to break their way through and gain the city. The camp was too strong to be forced ; they were driven back to the crags of the mountains, whence they defended themselves by showering down darts and stones upon their pursuers.

Hamet now lighted alarm fires about the heights ; his standard was joined by the neighbouring mountaineers, and by troops from Malaga. Thus reinforced, he made repeated assaults upon the Christians, cutting off all stragglers from the camp. All his attempts, however, to force his way into the city were fruitless. Many of his bravest men were slain, and he was obliged to retreat into the fastnesses of the mountains.

In the meanwhile, the distress of Ronda was hourly increasing. The Marquis of Cadiz, having possession of the suburbs, was enabled to approach to the very foot of the perpendicular precipice, rising from the river, on the

summit of which the city is built. At the foot of this rock is a living fountain of limpid water, gushing into a great natural basin. A secret mine led down from within the city to this fountain, by several hundred steps, cut in the solid rock. From this the city obtained its chief supply of water ; and the steps were deeply worn by the weary feet of Christian captives employed in the painful labour. The Marquis of Cadiz discovered this subterranean passage, and directed his pioneers to counter-mine it through the solid body of the rock. They pierced to the shaft ; and, stopping it up, deprived the city of the benefit of this precious fountain.

Great was the horror of the inhabitants. They knew not where to flee for refuge : their houses were in a blaze, or shattered by the ordnance. The streets were perilous, from the falling ruins and the bounding balls, which dashed to pieces everything they encountered. At night the city looked like a fiery furnace : the cries and wailings of the women were heard between the thunders of the ordnance, and reached even to the Moors on the opposite mountains, who answered them by yells of fury and despair.

All hope of external succour being at an end, the inhabitants of Ronda were compelled to capitulate. Ferdinand was easily prevailed upon to grant them favourable terms. The place was capable of longer resistance, and he feared for the safety of his camp, as the forces were daily augmenting on the mountains, and making frequent assaults. The inhabitants were permitted to depart with their effects, either to Barbary or elsewhere ; and those who chose to reside in Spain had lands assigned them, and were indulged in the exercise of their religion.

No sooner did the place surrender than detachments

were sent to attack the Moors, who hovered about the neighbouring mountains. Hamet el Zegri, however, did not remain to try a fruitless battle. He gave up the game as lost, and retreated filled with grief and rage, but trusting to fortune to give him future vengeance.

The first care of the good Marquis of Cadiz, on entering Ronda, was to deliver his unfortunate companions in arms from the dungeons of the fortress. What a difference in their looks from the time when, flushed with health and hope, and arrayed in military pomp, they had sallied forth upon the mountain foray. Many of them were almost naked, with irons at their ankles, and beards reaching to their waists. Their meeting with the marquis was joyful, yet it had the look of grief; for their joy was mingled with many bitter recollections. There was an immense number of other captives, among whom were several young men of noble families, who, with filial piety, had surrendered themselves prisoners in place of their fathers.

The captives were all provided with mules, and sent to the queen at Cordova. The humane heart of Isabella melted at the sight of the piteous cavalcade. They were all supplied by her with food and raiment, and money to pay their expenses to their homes. Their chains were hung as pious trophies against the exterior of the church of St. Juna de los Reyes in Toledo, where the Christian traveller may regale his eyes with the sight of them at this very day.—W. IRVING.

XCIX

WALTER RALEIGH'S INTRODUCTION TO QUEEN
ELIZABETH

AT this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder, a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood

full in Elizabeth's eye—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

'Come along, sir coxcomb,' said Blount; 'your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drap-de-bure, which despises all colours.'

'This cloak,' said the youth, taking it up and folding it, 'shall never be brushed while in my possession.'

'And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you *in cuerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says.'

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

'I was sent,' said he, after looking at them attentively, 'to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.'

You, sir, I think,' addressing the younger cavalier, 'are the man ; you will please to follow me.'

'He is in attendance on me,' said Blount, 'on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse.'

'I have nothing to say to that,' answered the messenger ; 'my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only.'

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation—'Who the good jere would have thought this !' And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect, a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide, of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman-pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step

from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

'You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold.'

'In a sovereign's need,' answered the youth, 'it is each liegeman's duty to be bold.'—SCOTT.

C

THE ARREST OF DON CARLOS

PHILIP, King of Spain, was not long in taking his measures. Some days previous, according to his wont, he had caused prayers to be put up in the different monasteries for the guidance of Heaven in an affair of great moment. Such prayers might have served as a warning to his son Carlos. But it was too late for warnings. Philip now proceeded, without loss of time, to Madrid, where those who beheld him in the audience-chamber saw no sign of the coming storm in the serenity of his countenance. That morning he attended mass in public, with the members of the royal family. After the services, Don John visited Carlos in his apartments, when that prince, shutting the doors, demanded of his uncle the subject of his conversation with the king at the Escorial. Don John evaded the questions as well as he could, till Carlos, heated

by his suspicions, drew his sword and attacked his uncle, who, retreating with his back to the door, called loudly on his nephew to desist, and threw himself into a posture of defence. The noise made by the skirmish fortunately drew the notice of the attendants, who, rushing in, enabled Don John to retreat, and Carlos withdrew in sullen silence to his chamber. He had for some time felt himself insecure in his father's palace. He slept with as many precautions as a highwayman, with his sword and dagger by his side, and a loaded musket within reach, ready at any moment for action. For further security he had caused an ingenious artisan to construct a bolt in such a way that by means of pulleys he could fasten or unfasten the door of his chamber while in bed. With such precautions it would be a perilous thing to invade the slumbers of a desperate man like Carlos. But Philip was aware of the difficulties; and he ordered the mechanic to derange the machinery so that it should not work: and thus the door was left without the usual means for securing it. The rest is told by an attendant who was on duty that night, and supped in the palace. It was about eleven o'clock on the evening of January 18, 1568, when he observed the king coming downstairs, wearing armour over his clothes, and his head protected by a helmet. He was accompanied by the Duke of Feria, Captain of the Guards, with four or five other lords, and twelve privates of the guard. The king ordered the valet to shut the door and allow no one to enter. The nobles and the guard then passed into the prince's chamber, and the Duke of Feria, stealing softly to the head of the bed, secured a sword and dagger which lay there, as well as a musket loaded with two balls. Carlos, roused by the noise, started up and demanded who was there. The duke, having got possession of the weapons, replied, 'It is the council of

state.' Carlos, on hearing this, leaped from his bed, and, uttering loud cries and menaces, endeavoured to seize his arms. At this moment, Philip, who had prudently deferred his entrance till the weapons were mastered, came forward, and bade his son return to bed and remain quiet. The prince exclaimed, 'What does your majesty want of me?' 'You will soon learn,' said his father, and at the same time ordered the windows and doors to be strongly secured, and the keys of the latter to be delivered to him. All the furniture of the room, with which Carlos could commit any violence, even the andirons, were removed. The king, then turning to Feria, told him that 'he committed the prince to his especial charge, and that he must guard him well'. Addressing next the nobles, he directed them 'to serve the prince with all proper respect, but to execute none of his orders without first reporting them to himself; finally, to guard him faithfully, under penalty of being held as traitors.'

At these words Carlos exclaimed, 'Your majesty had better kill me than keep me a prisoner. It will be a great scandal to the kingdom. If you do not kill me, I will make away with myself.' 'You will do no such thing,' said the king, 'for that would be the act of a madman.' 'Your majesty,' replied Carlos, 'treats me so ill that you force me to this extremity. I am not mad, but you drive me to despair!' Other words passed between the monarch and his son, whose voice was so broken with sobs as to be scarcely audible.

Having completed his arrangements, Philip, after securing a coffer which contained the prince's papers, withdrew from the apartment. That night, the Duke of Feria, the Count of Lorma, and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, eldest son of Ruy Gomez, remained in the prince's

chamber. Two lords out of six named for the purpose performed the same duty in rotation each succeeding night. From respect to the prince, none of them were allowed to wear their swords in his presence. His meat was cut up before it was brought into his chamber, as he was allowed no knife at his meals. The prince's attendants were all dismissed, and most of them afterwards provided for in the service of the king. A guard of twelve halberdiers were stationed in the passages leading to the tower in which the apartment of Carlos was situated. Thus all communication from without was cut off, and, as he was unable to look from his strongly barricaded windows, the unhappy prisoner from that time remained as dead to the world as if he had been buried in the deepest dungeon of Simancas.—PRESCOTT.

CI

AN ANGRY MOB

LORD CADURCIS mounted his horse and rode down to the House of Lords. There was a debate of some public interest, and a considerable crowd was collected round the Peers' entrance. The moment Lord Cadurcis was recognized the multitude began hooting. He was agitated, and grinned a ghastly smile at the rabble. But he dismounted without further annoyance, entered the House and took his seat.

The House had been full ; there was a great scuffle and confusion as the peers were departing ; the mob, now considerable, were prepared for the appearance of Lord Cadurcis, and their demeanour was menacing. Some shouted out his name, then it was repeated with odious and vindictive epithets, followed by ferocious yells.

A great many peers collected round Cadurcis and entreated him not to return on horseback.

‘My carriage is most heartily at your service, Lord Cadurcis,’ said the noble leader of the Government, ‘you can enter it without the slightest suspicion by these ruffians.’

Lord Cadurcis, however, refused the offer, and desired the attendant to call for his horse.

The lobby was yet full ; it was a fine thing in the light of the archway to see Cadurcis spring into his saddle. Instantly there was a horrible yell. Yet in spite of all their menaces the mob were for a time awed by his courage ; they made way for him, he might even have rode quickly on for some few yards, but he would not ; he reined his fiery steed into a slow but stately pace, and, with a countenance scornful and composed, he continued his progress, apparently unconscious of impediment. Meanwhile, the hooting continued without abatement, increasing, indeed, after the first comparative pause, in violence and menace. At length a bolder ruffian, excited by the uproar, rushed forward and seized Cadurcis’ bridle. Cadurcis struck the man over the eyes with his whip, and at the same time touched his horse with his spur, and the assailant was dashed to the ground. This seemed a signal for a general assault. It commenced with hideous yells. His friends at the House, who had watched everything with the keenest interest, immediately directed all the constables who were at hand to rush to his succour ; hitherto they had restrained the police, lest their interference might stimulate rather than repress the mob. The charge of the constables was well-timed ; they laid about them with their staves, you might have heard the echo of many a broken crown. Nevertheless, though they dispersed the mass, they could not penetrate the imme-

diate barrier that surrounded Lord Cadurcis, whose only defence, indeed, for they had cut off his groom, was the terrors of his horse's heels, and whose managed motions he regulated with admirable skill, now rearing, now prancing, now kicking behind, and now turning round with a quick yet sweeping motion, before which the mob retreated. Off his horse, however, they seemed resolved to drag him ; and it was not difficult to conceive, if they succeeded, what must be his eventual fate. They were infuriate, but his contact with his assailants fortunately prevented their co-mates from hurling stones at him from the fear of endangering their own friends.

A messenger to the Horse Guards had been sent from the House of Lords ; but, before the military could arrive, and fortunately (for, with their utmost expedition, they must have been too late) a rumour of the attack got current in the House of Commons. Captain Cadurcis, Lord Scrope, and a few other young men instantly rushed out, and, ascertaining the truth, armed with good cudgels and such other effective weapons as they could instantly obtain, they mounted their horses and charged the nearly-triumphant populace, dealing such vigorous blows that their efforts soon made a visible diversion in Lord Cadurcis' favour. It is difficult, indeed, to convey an idea of the exertions and achievements of Captain Cadurcis ; no Paladin of chivalry ever executed such marvels on a swarm of Paynim slaves ; and many a bloody coxcomb and broken limb bore witness in Petty France that night to his achievements. Still the mob struggled and were not daunted by the delay in immolating their victim. As long as they had only to fight against men in plain clothes, they were valorous and obstinate enough ; but the moment that the crests of a troop of Horse Guards were

seen trotting down Parliament Street, everybody ran away, and in a few minutes all Palace Yard was as still as if the genius of the place rendered a riot impossible.—
DISRAELI.

CII

A TUMULT IN ANTWERP

THE high-handed measures of the Government caused great consternation through the Netherlands, and the standard of revolt was raised in several places. A body of two thousand insurgents, chiefly members of the Calvinist or extreme Protestant party, took up their quarters in a little village about a league from Antwerp. From this place they sallied out, burning the churches, sacking the convents, and causing great alarm to the magistrates of Antwerp, where religious feeling ran high.

A strong force was sent by the Spanish Government to dislodge them, and a fierce action took place almost under the walls of the city. Furious at the sight of the defeat of their friends, the Calvinists in the city called on one another to rush to their rescue. But by the orders of William of Orange the gates of Antwerp had been locked, and all communication cut off between the city and the insurgents, who were by this time flying from the field. While this dismal tragedy was passing, the mob imprisoned within the walls of Antwerp was raging and bellowing like the waves of the ocean chafing wildly against the rocks that confined them. With fierce cries they demanded that the gates should be opened, calling on the magistrates with bitter imprecations to deliver up the keys. The magistrates had no mind to face the infuriated populace. But the Prince of Orange fortu-

nately, at this crisis, did not hesitate to throw himself into the midst of the tumult, and take on himself the whole responsibility of the affair. It was by his command that the gates had been closed, in order that the regent's troops, if victorious, might not enter the city and massacre those of the reformed religion. This plausible explanation did not satisfy the people. Some called out that the true motive was not to save the Calvinists in the city, but to prevent their assisting their brethren in the camp. One man, more audacious than the rest, raised a musket to the prince's breast, saluting him, at the same time, with the epithet of 'traitor!' but the fellow received no support from his companions, who, in general, entertained too great respect for William to offer any violence to his person.

Unable to appease the tumult, the prince was borne along by the tide, which now rolled back from the gates to the Meer Bridge, where it soon received such accessions that the number amounted to more than ten thousand. The wildest schemes were then agitated by the populace, among whom no one appeared to take the lead. Some were for seizing the Hotel de Ville and turning out the magistrates. Others were for sacking the convents and driving their inmates, as well as all the priests, from the city. Meanwhile, they had got possession of some pieces of artillery from the arsenal, with which they fortified the bridge. Thus passed the long night—the armed multitude gathered together like a dark cloud, ready at any moment to burst in fury on the city, while the defenceless burghers, especially those who had any property at stake, were filled with the most dismal apprehensions. Yet the Catholics contrived to convey some casks of powder, it is said, under the Meer Bridge, resolving to blow it into the air with all upon it, as soon as their

enemies should make a hostile movement. All eyes were now turned on the Prince of Orange as the only man at all capable of extricating them from their perilous situation. William had stationed a guard over the mint, and another at the Hotel de Ville, to protect these buildings from the populace. A great part of this anxious night he spent in endeavouring to bring about such an understanding between the two great parties of the Catholics and the Lutherans as should enable them to act in concert. This was the less difficult, on account of the jealousy which the latter sect entertained of the Calvinists. The force thus raised was swelled by the accession of the principal merchants and men of substance, as well as most of the foreigners resident in the city, who had less concern for spiritual matters than for the security of life and fortune. The following morning beheld the mob of Calvinists formed into something like a military array, their green and white banners bravely unfurled, and the cannon which they had taken from the arsenal posted in front. On the opposite side of the great square before the Hotel de Ville were gathered the forces of the Prince of Orange, which, if wanting artillery, were considerably superior in numbers to their adversaries. The two hosts now stood face to face, as if waiting only the signal to join in mortal conflict. But no man was found bold enough to give the signal—for brother to lift his hand against brother.

At this juncture, William, with a small guard, and accompanied by the principal magistrates, crossed over to the enemy's ranks, and demanded an interview with the leaders. He represented to them the madness of their present course ; which, even if they were victorious, must work infinite mischief to the cause. It would be easy for them to obtain by fair means all they could propose by

violence ; and for his own part, he concluded, however well disposed to them he now might be, if a single drop of blood was shed in this quarrel, he would hold them from that hour as enemies.

The remonstrance of the prince, aided by the conviction of their own inferiority in numbers, prevailed over the stubborn temper of the Calvinists. They agreed to an accommodation, one of the articles of which was, that no garrison should be admitted within the city. The Prince of Orange subscribed and swore to the treaty, on behalf of his party ; and it is proof of the confidence that even the Calvinists reposed in him, that they laid down their arms sooner than either the Lutherans or the Catholics. Both these, however, speedily followed their example. The martial array, which had assumed so menacing an aspect, soon melted away. The soldier of an hour, subsiding into the quiet burgher, went about his usual business ; and tranquillity and order once more reigned within the walls of Antwerp. Thus, by the coolness and discretion of a single man, the finest city in the Netherlands was saved from irretrievable ruin.—PRESCOTT.

CIII

RETURN OF THE KALMUCKS TO CHINA

THE Kalmucks, a tribe of Tartars, had settled on the banks of the Volga, under Russian protection, receiving lands and pasturage and, in return, furnishing a powerful force of cavalry. Dissatisfied, however, with their position, and deceived by false rumours and reports, they secretly resolved to cross the pathless deserts of Asia and to return to China. This exodus began early in January, 1771, when over 600,000 men, women, and children set

out on their long march eastward. After incredible sufferings, harassed at every step by nomadic tribes, they came at length in sight of the great wall of China. By this time a body of well-appointed Chinese cavalry, with a strong detachment of artillery, was hurrying forward to their rescue. The lake of Tengis, near the dreadful desert of Kobi, lay in a hollow amongst hills of a moderate height, ranging generally from two to three thousand feet high. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Chinese cavalry reached the summit of a road which led through a cradle-like dip in the mountains right down upon the margin of the lake. From this pass, elevated about two thousand feet above the level of the water, they continued to descend, by a very winding and difficult road, for an hour and a half ; and during the whole of this descent they were compelled to be inactive spectators of the fiendish spectacle below. The Kalmucks, reduced by this time from about six hundred thousand souls to two hundred and sixty thousand, and after enduring for so long a time the miseries I have previously described—outrageous heat, famine, and the destroying scimitar of the Kirghises and the Bashkirs—had for the last ten days been traversing a hideous desert, where no vestiges were seen of vegetation, and no drop of water could be found. Camels and men were already so overladen that it was a mere impossibility that they should carry a tolerable sufficiency for the passage of this frightful wilderness. On the eighth day the wretched daily allowance, which had been continually diminishing, failed entirely ; and thus, for two days of insupportable fatigue, the horrors of thirst had been carried to the fiercest extremity. Upon this last morning, at the sight of the hills and the forest scenery, which announced to those who acted as guides the neighbourhood of the lake of Tengis,

all the people rushed along with maddening eagerness to the anticipated solace. The day grew hotter and hotter, the people more and more exhausted, and gradually, in the general rush forwards to the lake, all discipline and command were lost—all attempts to preserve a rearguard were neglected—the wild Bashkirs rode in amongst the encumbered people, and slaughtered them by wholesale, and almost without resistance. Far and wide the waters of the solitary lake were instantly dyed red with blood and gore : here rode a party of savage Bashkirs, hewing off heads as fast as the swathes fall before the mower's scythe ; there stood unarmed Kalmucks in a death-grapple with their detested foes, both up to the middle in water, and oftentimes both sinking together below the surface, from weakness or from struggles, and perishing in each other's arms. Did the Bashkirs at any point collect into a cluster for the sake of giving impetus to the assault ? Thither were the camels driven in fiercely by those who rode them, generally women or boys ; and even these quiet creatures were forced into a share in this carnival of murder, by trampling down as many as they could strike prostrate with the lash of their forelegs. Every moment the water grew more polluted ; and yet every moment fresh myriads came up to the lake and rushed in, not able to resist their frantic thirst, and swallowing large draughts of water, visibly contaminated with the blood of their slaughtered compatriots. Wheresoever the lake was shallow enough to allow of men raising their heads above the water, there, for scores of acres, were to be seen all forms of ghastly fear, of agonizing struggle, of spasm, of death, and the fear of death—revenge, and the lunacy of revenge—until the neutral spectators, of whom there were not a few, now descending the eastern side of the lake, at length averted their eyes in horror. This horror, which seemed incapable

of further addition, was, however, increased by an unexpected incident : the Bashkirs beginning to perceive here and there the approach of the Chinese cavalry, felt it prudent—wheresoever they were sufficiently at leisure from the passions of the murderous scene—to gather into bodies. This was noticed by the governor of a small Chinese fort, built upon an eminence above the lake ; and immediately he threw in a broadside, which spread havoc amongst the Bashkir tribe. As often as the Bashkirs collected into squadrons, as their only means of meeting the long lines of descending Chinese cavalry—so often did the Chinese governor of the fort pour in his exterminating broadside ; until at length the lake, at its lower end, became one vast seething caldron of human bloodshed and carnage. The Chinese cavalry had reached the foot of the hills ; the Bashkirs, attentive to their movements, had formed ; skirmishes had been fought ; and, with a quick sense that the contest was hence-forwards rapidly becoming hopeless, the Bashkirs and Kirghises began to retire.—DE QUINCEY.

CIV

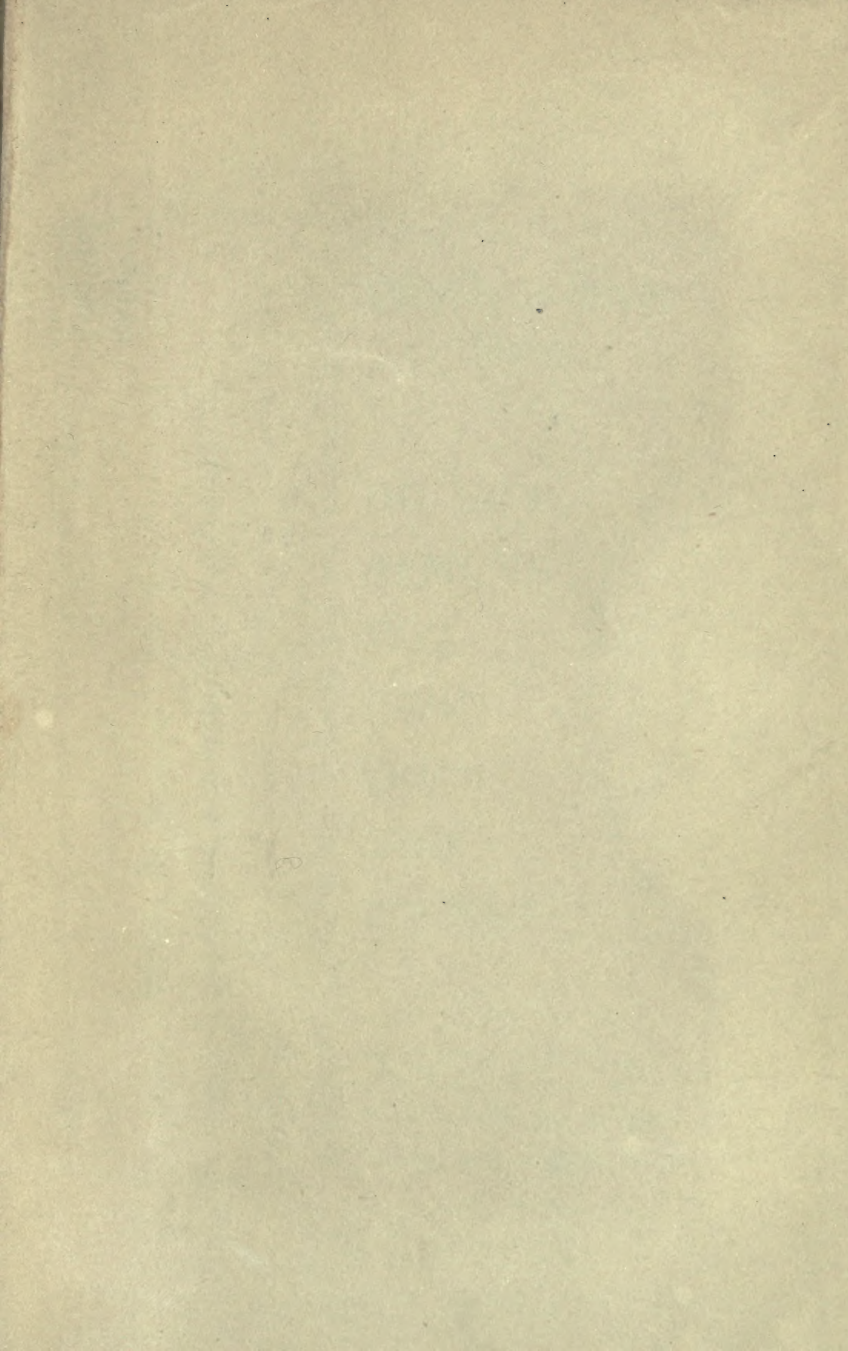
THE DEFEAT OF VARUS

ON the morrow the Romans renewed their march ; the veteran officers who served under Varus now probably directing the operations, and hoping to find the Germans drawn up to meet them ; in which case they relied on their own superior discipline and tactics for such a victory as should reassure the supremacy of Rome. But Arminius was far too sage a commander to lead on his followers, with their unwieldy broadswords and inefficient defensive

armour, against the Roman legionaries fully armed with helmet, cuirass, greaves, and shield ; who were skilled to commence the conflict with a murderous volley of heavy javelins, hurled upon the foe when a few yards distant, and then, with their short cut-and-thrust swords, to hew their way through all opposition, preserving the utmost steadiness and coolness, and obeying each word of command in the midst of strife and slaughter with the same precision and alertness as if upon parade. Arminius suffered the Romans to march out from their camp, to form first in line for action, and then in column for marching, without the show of opposition. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by slight skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground ; the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions as if the angry gods of Germany were pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the invaders. After some little time their van approached a ridge of high wooded ground, which is one of the offshoots of the great Hercynian forest, and is situate between the modern villages of Driburg and Bielefeld. Arminius had caused barricades of hewn trees to be formed here, so as to add to the natural difficulties of the passage. Fatigue and discouragement now began to betray themselves in the Roman ranks. Their line became less steady, baggage-wagons were abandoned from the impossibility of forcing them along ; and, as this happened, many soldiers left their ranks and crowded round the wagons to secure the most valuable portions of their property ; each was busy about his own affairs, and purposely slow in hearing the word of command from his officers. Arminius now gave the signal for a general attack. The fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through the gloom of the forests, and

in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the encumbered legionaries, as they struggled up the glens or floundered in the morasses, and watching every opportunity of charging through the intervals of the disjointed column, and so cutting off the communication between its several brigades. Arminius, with a chosen band of personal retainers round him, cheered on his countrymen by voice and example. He and his men aimed their weapons particularly at the horses of the Roman cavalry. The wounded animals, slipping about in the mire and their own blood, threw their riders, and plunged among the ranks of the legions, disordering all round them. Varus now ordered the troops to be countermarched, in the hope of reaching the nearest Roman garrison on the Lippe. But retreat now was as impracticable as advance; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants, and caused fiercer and more frequent charges on the flanks of the disheartened army. The Roman officer who commanded the cavalry, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together, or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted, but more through the instinct of discipline and bravery than from any hope of success or escape. Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had exasperated by his oppressions. One of the lieutenant-generals of the army fell fighting; the other surrendered to the enemy. But mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among her

legions who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter, drank deep of the cup of suffering which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity, and those prisoners who were not hewn to pieces on the spot were only preserved to perish by a more cruel death in cold blood.
—CREASY.



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